

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLIII.—NO. 38.

NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 21, 1911.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,570.

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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121 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1848, and is the oldest newspaper in the United States. It is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is a large paper, containing four columns of text, and is published at a price of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at 5 cents. The Mercury is published at the office of the publisher, 121 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George, Harry Dawson, President, Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.
DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; Anton Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.
THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Smith, President; Daniel J. Connelley, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Mrs. B. McNeely, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
DAUGHTERS OF THE THIMBLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien; Secretary, Mrs. Anna Thompson. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans, Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commanders, Frederick J. Buehler, Adjutant, Gus Segure.
LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. Mary F. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
REXMOON LODGE, No. 11, K. K. & P.—James C. Walsh, Chancellor; Robert H. Franklin, Recorder of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
DAVIS DIVISION, No. 9, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Kuleth Caplan, Grand; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.
CLAY LODGE, No. 183—Hugh S. Stebbins, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
NEWPORT LODGE, No. 235, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Committee of 25.

The committee of 25 of the representative council held its second public hearing on Monday evening when all who wished might come before the committee and advocate any of the proposed matters. There were quite a few interested persons present, not all of whom spoke. The principal arguments advanced were for some system of sewerage to take care of the lower Kay street and Friendship street district which has been argued many times in the past 30 years. No one has ever denied that the conditions there require immediate attention, but no city council has taken the first steps looking to such a solution. Among those who spoke in favor of a sewerage system were Edward F. Tracy, James F. Dilog, John Mason, Joseph Pearson, and George Williams. Captain Colton of the committee explained that either a pumping station or a tunnel would be required as the section in question is below the level of the sewer. There was also one speaker to advocate a sidewalk on Carroll avenue.

The matter of amendment to the building law was taken up, and the chair appointed a special sub-committee to consider it. Messrs. John M. Friend, Joseph P. Colton, Max Levy, J. P. Casey, and George E. Bowman. The general committee adjourned after fixing Thursday evening as the date for the last of the public hearings.

There was not a very large attendance at the third public hearing on Thursday evening. Mr. Frank Barker spoke in favor of a sewer for County street, and Mr. J. Powell Cozzens was present to add his voice to the testimony in favor of a sewerage system for lower Kay street. Mr. J. H. Howard urged a curb and gutter for Merion road.

What might have been a fire broke out in the loft of William Brightman's livery stable on Edward street Thursday evening. Box 23 was sounded, but before the department arrived a number of sailors had freed the horses from the stable and assisted in removing the burning hay from the loft, so there was not a great deal for the department to do and the damage was not extensive. The cause of the fire is not known.

The marriage of Miss Marion Dow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard F. Dow of Boston, and Mr. James G. Blaine, 3rd, will probably take place in September. Mr. Blaine is the son of Mrs. William T. Bull of this city.

Unity Club.

The dramatic reading of Bernard Shaw's play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," at the Unity Club last Tuesday evening, showed a distinct stride forward in the reading of plays in Newport. Never before has much been done in appropriately costuming the characters, but this time every actor wore a costume practically in accordance with the ideas of the author. The innovation proved very successful, for the characters are drawn from such varied ranks of society and different nationalities that confusion might have resulted otherwise.

Miss Ildore Lull, who took the part of Cicely, acted the character to the life, and seemed to enjoy making all the men fall in love with her, even to the outland, Captain Brassbound. Her reading and action were splendidly carried out, and the last scene particularly was most delicately and beautifully read.

Mr. J. S. Milne, as Captain Brassbound, comprehended the character excellently and read his difficult role most effectively. As the Rev. Leslie Rankin, Dr. A. F. Scute proved fully equal to the task of assuming the character of the Scotch missionary, while Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, as the English Justice, Sir Howard Hallam, gave a clever interpretation of his part. His costume was singularly effective.

Mr. Newton Adams, who appeared for the first time before the club, read two parts, the Cad of Kilmord and Captain Kearney, the American Navy Captain. In the latter character Mr. Adams was singularly effective, and showed much dramatic fire. The humorous character of the play, Dr. Drinkwater, was assumed by Mr. Victor Baxter, who proved fully equal to the occasion.

The minor characters were assumed by: Redbrook, Mr. R. F. Peckham; Johnson, Mr. Thomas Weaver; Biddell, Mr. Earl P. Mason; the American blue-jacket and Osman Ali, Mr. W. H. Huntington. All these parts were admirably read and the costuming was worthy of professionals.

Probably the play was the most difficult that has been attempted at the Unity Club, but the audience found the entire cast fully able to overcome all stumbling blocks. About 275 members and their friends were present.

Brown Alumni.

The annual dinner of the Newport Alumni of Brown University was held on Thursday evening, when President William H. P. Faunce, Professor William C. Poland, and Professor Thomas Crosby of Brown were present and made addresses. President William R. Harvey of the association presided at the business meeting and the dinner that followed. The following officers were elected:

President—William R. Harvey.
First Vice President—Dr. John A. Young.
Second Vice President—William P. Buffum.
Secretary and Treasurer—Alfred G. Langley.
Executive Committee—Dr. Charles D. Easton, Mr. Fred M. Hammett, Dr. Clarence A. Carr.

Plans have been made for a dinner to be given at the Y. M. C. A. rooms next Monday night as a complimentary banquet to Mr. Thomas P. Peckham who has just retired after serving as President for a number of years, during which time the Association secured the gift of its present splendid building. The price of tickets has been placed at \$1.25, and it is expected that there will be a good attendance. There will be some excellent after dinner speaking.

General Ferdinand C. Latrobe, who died in Baltimore last week, was well known in Newport, having married a daughter of the late Governor Thomas Swann, and after her death he married the widow of her brother, Mrs. Thomas Swann. General Latrobe occupied a cottage here some years ago, and in recent years had been a frequent visitor in the cottage colony.

It is expected that the new Colonial Theatre will be ready for use the first week in February and it is the intention of the manager to secure some first class musical comedy for the opening attraction. Last Sunday the connection with the water main was made, a special force of men being engaged all day at this work.

The marriage of Mr. Charles H. Wilson, manager of Alfred G. Vanderbilt's stables, and Miss Josephine Dalehanty of Boston, took place in the Adams House in that city on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson came at once to the residence of the groom in Portsmouth and will soon sail for Europe.

Mr. Henry D. Schmidt of this city was united in marriage to Miss Annie E. Fay of Providence on Monday and a large number of Newporters went up to attend the wedding.

Mr. Cornelius W. R. Callahan has been re-appointed deputy city clerk.

Dr. Chace Died Alone.

The body of Dr. Nathaniel R. Chace was found in his office Tuesday afternoon by Officer Freeman Coggeshall who had been summoned after it had been found that the office was locked and the key was on the inside. The door was broken open and the body of Dr. Chace was found lying on the floor, only partially clothed. Death had occurred some two weeks before, as decomposition had set in.

Dr. Chace was accustomed to go away from the city for long stays without notifying anyone of his absence. A few days after Christmas he had told a number of friends that he was going to remove to East Greenwich to spend the winter with his brother General Chace, and consequently no one was surprised to find his office closed. He had promised his brother to visit him, and when he did not appear General Chace wrote to Rhode, N. H., thinking that he might be there. Receiving a negative reply, General Chace became worried and telephoned to Mr. Walter A. Wright, local manager of the Providence Telephone Company, asking him to investigate at Dr. Chace's office here.

Mr. Wright visited the office on Tuesday and found all the doors locked, but as the keys were apparently on the inside he asked the police to investigate further. Officer Coggeshall and Chief Crowley went to the office and broke in the door, with the result that Dr. Chace's body was found on the floor, near his bed. It seemed probable that he had been taken ill in the night and had tried to arise but death had resulted. He had been in poor health for a number of years. Medical Examiner Stewart pronounced death due to natural causes.

The news of the sad occurrence brought gloom into many Newport homes, where Dr. Chace was known and admired. He was of an unusually kindly, genial nature, always ready with a joke or pleasant remark. He was warm-hearted and generous to the extreme. His gentle nature made him welcome in the sick room, where his warm, kindly, hopeful and helpful presence did as much good as his medicine.

With children he had a particular charm, and was able to extract from them information as to their ailments that they would not confide to anybody else. He loved his friends, and it was his pleasure to drop in upon them at unexpected times, not hesitating to invite himself to stay to meals in homes where he knew he would be welcome. Of late his health had been poor and he had spent much time at his farm in Rhode, N. H., in hopes of recuperation. He had not gained, however, and since his return he had appeared much discouraged. He had not been able to attend to his patients regularly for a considerable time, and his practice had dwindled considerably in consequence. On what must have been the last day of his life he called upon a number of his old friends here, and told some of them that he should go to East Greenwich to stay with his brother. His trunk was found packed in his office.

Dr. Chace was born on Block Island in 1842 and after his father's death his mother came to Newport with her five children. While still a very small boy he went to sea with an uncle and, visited all parts of the world, an experience that he always remembered. He returned to Newport and attended school for a time, but when his uncle went to Indiana to reside young Chace went with him. There he saw and heard Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas in their famous campaign. Being determined to obtain an education, the young man entered Lombard University in Illinois and there received his degree of A. B. Later, he was given the degree of M. D. at Hahnemann College, the leading homeopathic institution. He commenced practice in Providence but soon removed to Newport where he had made his home since 1873. His office was on Touro street and here he made his home, going out for his meals.

Dr. Chace was a remarkably interesting conversationalist. He had travelled all over the world and could relate hundreds of interesting events connected with his travels. He made it a practice to attend the national conventions of the Republican party, being present at every one since the early seventies, and taking an interest in political matters, although he never sought public office nor engaged in political work.

Dr. Chace is survived by two brothers General Thomas W. Chace of East Greenwich, formerly commander of the Brigade of R. I. Militia and formerly a prominent member of the General Assembly, and James Chace, and a sister, Mrs. Boynton, who lives in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Asa B. Kennan of the United States Engineer office here has gone to Phoenix, Arizona, to visit Mrs. Kennan who is staying there for her health. She is reported as being considerably improved.

Movement for a Hotel.

There was an important meeting of leading business men and bankers at the Newport Trust Company on Saturday afternoon last when action was taken looking into the possibilities of building a fine summer hotel in this city. This is not the first time such an undertaking has been projected by any manner of means, but it seems to a person familiar with all the efforts that have been made in the past that this is the first time that the matter has been gone at in the right way.

Ex-Mayor Frederick P. Garretson was the man who originated the idea and it was at his suggestion that the meeting was called. Every bank in Newport was represented by its president, and the others present included the Mayor and every living ex-Mayor, and a number of other prominent citizens of Newport.

All present were agreed upon the vital necessity of having a first class hotel in Newport, and its many desirable features were pointed out. There was some talk about a site, and it was agreed that the James Gordon Bennett property or the Griswold estate would be ideal locations. However, the promoters wisely decided that such matters could well be left until the matter had been thoroughly investigated to see what financial arrangements could be made. It was not anticipated that there would be any great difficulty encountered in securing a successful hotel manager to take charge of the property.

One of the most important matters transacted at the meeting was the appointing of a committee to ascertain the sentiments of the summer residents upon the question. Messrs. F. P. Garretson and Clark Burdick were appointed a committee to take charge of this matter. They have since drawn up a circular letter to be forwarded to every member of the summer colony, setting forth the necessity of a hotel and showing how this will really be of benefit to them. A request for their opinion in the matter is enclosed. They are not asked to subscribe for stock but at this time merely an honest expression of opinion is desired.

A well known summer resident who has been seen since the meeting has stated that he thinks there will be some opposition but he himself is in favor of the proposition and is willing to subscribe \$10,000 toward it. It would be of course impossible to expect everybody to be united on the subject but it is believed that there will be many of the summer residents who will thoroughly approve of the plan.

The men present at the meeting at the Trust Company were as follows:

Hon. Patrick J. Boyle, Mayor of Newport.
Hon. Daniel B. Fealing, Ex-Mayor of Newport.
Hon. Frederick P. Garretson, Ex-Mayor of Newport.
Hon. Robert S. Franklin, Ex-Mayor of Newport.
Hon. William P. Clarke, Ex-Mayor of Newport.
Hon. Robert C. Cottrell, Ex-Mayor of Newport.
Mr. Angus McLeod, President Newport Trust Company.
Mr. William H. Hammett, President Savings Bank of Newport, President Union National Bank.
Captain Joseph P. Colton, President New England Commercial Bank.
Mr. George W. Sherman, President Newport National Bank.
Mr. Edward A. Brown, President National Exchange Bank, President Island Savings Bank.
Mr. Peter Klug, President Aquidneck National Bank.
Mr. Thomas P. Peckham, Vice President Newport Trust Company.
Hon. John P. Sanborn, Senator from Newport.
Hon. Robert S. Burlingame, Collector of the Port.
Hon. Clark Burdick, Ex-City Solicitor.
Mr. Jeremiah K. Sullivan, Street Commissioner.
Mr. Theophilus T. Pitman, Publisher Newport Daily News.
Mr. Leander K. Carr, Managing Editor Newport Herald.
Col. John C. Seabury, President T. Mumford Seabury Co.

Funeral services for the late William T. Libby, who died very suddenly last Friday morning, were held at his late residence on Sunday and were attended by a large gathering. Rev. Father Doran of St. Joseph's Church conducted the service. Weenat Shasit Tribe of Red Men, Newport Lodge of Elks, and Excelsior Lodge of Odd Fellows turned out in large numbers and escorted the remains to the grave, the interment being in St. Mary's Cemetery. The bearers were James R. Crowley, Nicholas E. Dwyer, Sidney B. Gladding, Robert L. Oman, James Lynch, John F. Sullivan, Rues W. Perry, and Antoine Tohl.

At the service at St. Mary's Church last Sunday, Rev. Father Meenan spoke of the application recently made to the board of aldermen to permit a moving picture show on Sunday. He opposed the request and asked all those in the congregation who were opposed to it to rise, with the result that every person arose to indicate his opposition.

Recent Deaths.

John S. Langley.

Mr. John S. Langley died at his residence on School street on Monday afternoon after a long illness. He was in his eighty-seventh year, and had failed rapidly, both physically and mentally, within the last year. He had not been able to carry all his business cares for a long time, but had called daily at his shop until within a comparatively short time. Death was due to a general breaking up incident to old age.

Mr. Langley was the oldest business man in Newport, having been actively engaged in business here for about 63 years. After receiving his education in the public schools, he engaged in business as a cabinet maker, and later became an undertaker in connection with that business. Some years ago he closed out his furniture store but continued his undertaking until his death, being assisted of late years by his nephew, Mr. Frederick E. Langley, who had managed the business since the elder man's health had failed.

Mr. Langley conducted a profitable business and during his life time had conducted the funerals of a large part of Newport's population. There was little competition to his younger days and most of the members of the old Newport families were buried by Mr. Langley.

Mr. Langley was descended from a family long prominent in the affairs of Newport. His ancestor came to Newport in 1740, and his grandfather established a cooperage business in Langley's wharf in 1770. John S. Langley started his business at the corner of Langley's wharf but within a short time moved to Franklin street and continued there for more than 60 years. He was for a number of years in partnership with Benjamin P. Bennett, under the firm name of Langley & Bennett, but of late years the business had been conducted under his own name.

He joined the Second Baptist Church while a young man, and in 1847 he became one of the founders of the Central Baptist Church, being the last survivor of the 42 members who withdrew from the Second to establish the Central Church. He served as deacon in this church and its successor for more than fifty years. He was prominent in financial circles, having been for many years a director of the First National Bank and trustee of the Coddington Savings Bank, both of which were consolidated with the Trust Company a few years ago. He had been for many years a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.

Mr. Langley is survived by one son, Mr. Alfred G. Langley of this city. He also leaves a brother, Mr. Overton G. Langley. His wife died about twenty years ago.

Grand Warden Fred M. Nichols of Providence and Grand Secretary Robert W. Syddall paid an official visit to Melrose Lodge, No. 33, N. E. O. P., on Thursday evening and installed the recently elected officers of that lodge. Mr. John P. Peckham was duly installed as warden and the other officers were raised to their places. There was a good attendance and a fine collation was served.

At an auction sale of stock in front of the National Exchange Bank on Monday five shares of the Newport Gas Light Company were purchased by John W. Gibson at \$182, five shares at \$180, and the other 19 shares went to Francis Riley at \$180. Eleven shares of Newport National Bank stock were purchased by William Stevens at \$103.

Rev. James D'Wolf Perry, Jr., the new Bishop of Rhode Island, paid his first official visit to Newport last Sunday when he addressed the union missionary service of the four Protestant Episcopal Sunday Schools at St. George's Church. Previous to coming to Newport, Bishop Perry spoke at Holy Cross Chapel.

The annual dinner of the Newport Naval Reserves was held at the Perry House last Saturday evening, with a good attendance. Ensign Campbell presided and acted as toastmaster, and there were a number of addresses made by members of the company and others.

Mr. Pardon H. Kaull, formerly of this city, spent last Sunday in Newport and greeted many of his old friends. He is now located in Kansas City with the Warren Bros. Company.

Two small boys, one white and the other colored, have been sent to the State Reform School during their minority for stealing small sums of money from houses.

Mr. Gilbert B. Read, formerly manager of the Cleton Drug store in this city, is now connected with the Hensley Drug Company in Providence.

Rear Admiral S. B. Luce has tendered his resignation as a member of the representative council from the third ward.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening, when there was considerable interesting matter brought up. Weekly bills and pay rolls were approved, and the First National Bank of Boston was authorized to certify the city's notes. Several minor licenses were granted, and a communication regarding the Bellevue avenue conduit of the Newport & Fall River Street Railway was referred to Chief Kirlwin.

Protests against allowing exhibitions on Sunday at the moving picture houses were received from the Civic League and Ministers' Union, and raised some discussion. Alderman Mahoney thought these protests called for some action, but Mayor Boyle said that the board had previously decided that it had no right to grant licenses for Sundays. A lively discussion followed.

There was also some talk about the hotel proposition and a resolution was passed endorsing the efforts to secure a hotel, but Mayor Boyle thought it was not a proper time to name a committee in behalf of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. George London of New York are spending their honeymoon with Miss Rose Hockett on Willow street.

MIDDLETOWN.

Court of Probate.—At the regular session of the Court of Probate held on Monday last the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Nathan T. Van Alstye. The first and final account of Daniel Beard, Administrator de bonis non, with will annexed, was continued to the third Monday of February.

Estate of James G. Heath. All parties in interest assenting, on the petition of Lynde L. Heath and others, Samuel W. Heath was appointed Administrator and was required to give bond in the sum of \$2000, with Reston P. Manchester and Charles A. Albro as sureties. For appraisers, Isaac Chase, Joseph L. Chace and Dennis J. Murphy were appointed.

Estate of Mary E. W. Perry. On the petition of George E. Bullard, Louis Curtis and Clark Burdick will be proved and ordered recorded and letters testamentary directed to issue to the Executors. Each Executor is required to give personal bond to the sum of \$250,000. Henry P. Blunney of Canton, Mass., H. Huntington Wolcott of Milton, Mass., and William B. Verrou of Newport, are appointed appraisers. The will was executed in September, 1909, in the presence of Christopher F. Barker, Thomas B. Congdon and Henry A. Curtis, all of Newport, as attesting witnesses. It is expected that the estate will exceed \$1,000,000 and will be materially increased by a favorable adjudication of claims to valuable charcoal land, now pending in the Argentine Republic.

The beneficiaries under the will are numerous. One or two friends in Newport are remembered, several bequests are made to libraries, churches, hospitals, and other public institutions, some life annuities are provided for, several trusts created, but eventually most of the estate passes to collateral kindred of the testatrix and her late husband, Gardner Blanchard Perry. The three Executors each receive a gratuity of \$10,000, in addition to liberal fees which they may lawfully charge. No public bequest is made to any institution in Middletown. Within the last twenty years a number of rich men and women have come from other States and taken up a legal residence in Middletown, ostensibly to enjoy the salubrity of its climate, the rest and refreshment afforded by its natural advantages, but really and truly, to avoid the imposition of an inheritance tax, such as attends the distribution of property in many other States. Many of these rich people, when departing this life, have generously given of their wealth to public institutions elsewhere, but scarce anything to those of their adopted town. Among the public bequests in Mrs. Perry's will are the following:

To Redwood Library in Newport \$50,000 and a collection of books and book plates.
To St. Mary's Church, South Portsmouth, one share in the Redwood Library; \$1000 for the Rector's fund and \$2000 to repair and preserve the Gardner Blanchard Perry memorial window in that church.
To Trinity Church, Newport, \$5000 for the Rector's fund, nine paintings and articles of furniture.
To Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, \$10,000 to fund the Richard Woodhull scholarship.
To the Home for the Aged in Bangor, Maine, \$5000.
To the Eastern Maine General Hospital of Bangor, \$4000 for a child's cot.
To the First Congregational Church in Groveland, Mass., seven tenths of the Perry Mansion House property, and \$3000 to fit the house for a parsonage.
To the town of Groveland certain land adjacent to Perry Park to be added thereto.
To the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston certain Paraguay and Argentine lace, shawls, scarfs, rugs, &c.
To the Newport Hospital her husband's invalid rocking chair.

Mr. Father Huntington, founder of the Order of the Holy Cross, was the morning preacher at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. He also gave an address in the evening at St. George's School under the auspices of the Missionary Society which has been recently formed at the school.

Mrs. Clayton E. Delamater was called suddenly home on Thursday last, by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Edgar Billings of West Bridgewater, Mass.

The annual visitation of the Bishop of the Diocese to administer the rite of confirmation at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel will occur on March 18th.

Cy Whittaker's Place

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Captain Cy had noticed Mrs. Bangs that the perfect boarding house would shelter him no longer than the coming week a new problem arose.

"Well," said Asaph earnestly, "you've earthed made the place rise up out of its tomb; you have so. It's a miracle, pretty high, and I call it a miracle. You must have cost a heap, but you've done it—all but the old folks themselves. You can't raise them up, Cy; money won't do that. And you can't live in this great house all alone. Who's going to cook for you and sweep and dust and wash decks and one thing or another? You'll have to have a housekeeper, as I told you a spell ago. Have you done any thinkin' about that?"

And the captain, taking his pipe from his lips, stared blankly at his friend and answered:

"By the big dipper, Asa, I ain't! I remember we did mention it, but I've been so busy gettin' this craft off the ways that I forgot all about it."

The discussion which followed Mr. Tidditt's reminder was long and serious. Asaph and Bailey Bangs racked their brains and offered numerous suggestions, but the majority of these were not favorably received.

"There's Mattidy Tripp," said Bailey. "She'd like the job, I'm sure. She's a widow, too, and she's had experience keepin' house along of Tobias, him that was her husband. But, if you do hire her, don't let Keturah know I hinted at it, 'cause we're going to lose one boarder when you quit, and that's too many, 'cordin' to the old lady's way of thinkin'."

"You can keep Mattidy for all me," replied the captain decidedly. "Come—outer religion's all right for those that have that kind of appetite, but havin' it passed to me three times a day, same as I've had it at your house, is enough; I don't hanker to have it warmed over between meals. If I shipped Mattidy aboard here she and the Rev. Daniels would stand over me, watch and watch, till I was converted or crazy, one or the other."

"Well, there's Angie, she—"

"Angie!" sniffed Mr. Tidditt. "Stop your jokin', Bailey. This is a serious matter."

"I want jokin'. What?"

"There, there, boys!" interrupted the captain. "Don't fight, Bailey didn't mean to joke, Asa. He's full of what she papers call 'unconscious humor.' I'll give in that Angie is about as serious a matter as I can think of without settin' down to rest. Huhup! So far we haven't gained any knots to speak of. Any more candidates on your mind?"

More possibilities were mentioned, but none of them seemed to fill the bill. The conference broke up without arriving at a decision.

Monday morning after breakfast Captain Cy's trunk was put aboard the depot wagon, and Dan'l Webster drew it to its owner's home. The farewells at the perfect boarding house were affecting. Mrs. Tripp said that she had spoken to the Rev. Mr. Daniels and he would be sure to call the very first thing. Keturah affirmed that the captain's stay had been a real pleasure.

"You never find fault, Cap'n Whittaker," she said. "You're such a manly man, if you'll excuse my sayin' so, I only wish there was more like you, with a significant glance at her husband. As for Miss Philiney, she might have been saying goodbye yet if the captain had not excused himself.

Asaph accompanied his friend to the house on the hill. The trunk was unloaded from the wagon and carried into the bedroom on the first floor, the room which had been Captain Cy's so long ago. Gabe shrieked at Dan'l Webster, and the depot wagon crawled away toward the upper road.

"Got to meet the up train," grumbled the driver—"not that anybody ever comes on it, but I callate I'm s'posed to be there. Re more talk than a little bit I want. Git dis, Dan'l! You're slowin' the moral law."

"So you're going to do your own cooking for a spell, Cy?" observed Asaph a half hour later. "Well, I guess that's a good idea till you can find the right housekeeper. I ain't been able to think of one that would suit you, yet."

"Nor I either. Neither's Bailey, I judge, though, for awhile he was as full of suggestions as a pine grove is of wood ticks. He started to say somethin' about it to me last night, but Keturah bore in sight and yanked him off to prayer meetin'."

"Yes, I know. She callates to get him into heaven somehow."

"I guess 'twouldn't be heaven for her unless he was around to pick at. There he comes now. How'd he get out of wipin' dishes?"

Mr. Bangs strolled into the yard. "Hello!" he hailed. "I was on my way to Simmons' on an errand, and I thought I'd stop in a minute. Got somethin' to tell you, Whit."

"All right. Overboard with it! It won't keep long this hot weather."

Mr. Tidditt gasped.

"Got her?" he repeated. "Got who? Got what? Bailey Bangs, what in the world have?"

"Belay, Asa," ordered Captain Cy. "Belay, what are you givin' us?"

"Glyin' you a housekeeper and a good one, too. I shouldn't wonder. She may not be one of them \$10,000 prize museum beauties," with a scornful wink at Asaph, "but if what I hear's true she can keep house. Anyhow she's kept one for forty odd year. Her name's Deborah Beasley, she's a widow over to East Trumet, and if I don't miss my guess she's in the depot wagon now headed in this direction."

"That's her on the aft thwart, I judge. She ain't what you'd call a spring pullet, is she?"

"Here we be!" he shouted. "Here we be!" repeated Gabe, raising his voice.

"See! See what?"

"Oh, heavens to Betsy! I'm gettin' the croup from howlin'. I say—here we be! Get out!"

He accompanied the final bellow with an expressive pantomime indicating that the passenger was expected to alight. She seemed to understand, for she opened the door of the carriage and slowly descended. Mr. Bangs advanced to meet her.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Beasley?" he said. "Glad to see you all safe and sound."

Mrs. Beasley shook his hand. Her face was covered as far as the knuckles by black mitts.

"How d'ye do, Cap'n Whittaker?" she said in a shrill voice. "You pretty smart?"

Bailey hastened to explain. "I ain't Cap'n Whittaker!" he roared. "I'm Bailey Bangs, the one that wrote to you."

"Hey?"

Mr. Lumley and Asaph chuckled. Bailey colored and tried again.

"I ain't the cap'n!" he whooped. "Here he is—here!"

He led her over to her prospective employer and tapped the latter on the chest.

"How d'ye do, sir?" said the housekeeper. "I don't know's I just caught your name."

In five minutes or so the situation was made reasonably clear. Mrs. Beasley then demanded her trunk and carpetbag. The grinning Lumley bore

them into the house; then he drove away, still grinning. Bailey looked fearfully at Captain Cy.

"She is kind of hard of hearin', ain't she?" he said reluctantly. "You remember I said she was."

The captain nodded.

"Yes," he answered; "you're a truth tellin' chap, Bailey. I'll say that for you. You don't exaggerate your statements."

"Hard of hearin'!" snapped Mr. Tidditt. "If the last trump ain't a steam whistle she'll miss judgment day. I'll stop into Simmons' on my way along and buy you a bottle of throat balsam. Cy, you're goin' to need it."

The captain needed more than throat balsam during the fortnight which followed. The Widow Beasley's deafness was not her only failing. In fact, she was altogether a failure so far as her housekeeping was concerned. She could cook after a fashion, but the fashion was so limited that even the bill of fare at the perfect boarding house looked tempting in retrospect.

"Baked beans again, Cy?" exclaimed Asaph, dropping in one evening after supper. "Ain't Saturday night so soon, is it?"

"No," was the dismal rejoinder. "It's Tuesday, if my almanac ain't out of joint. But we had beans Saturday, and they ain't all gone yet, so I presume we'll have 'em till the last one's swallowed. Aunt Debby's got what the piece in the Reader used to call a 'frugal mind.' She don't intend to waste anything. Last Thursday I spunked up courage enough to yell for salt fish and potatoes—fixed up with pork scraps, you know, same's we used to have when I was a boy. We had 'em, all right, and if beans of a Saturday hadn't been part of her religion we'd be warmin' 'em up yet. I took in a cat for company 'corder day, but the critter's run away. To see it look at the beans in its saucer and then at me was pitiful. I felt like bandin' myself over to the cruelty to animal folks."

"Is she neat?" inquired Mr. Tidditt.

"I don't know. I guess so—on the installment plan. It takes her a week to scrub up the kitchen, and then one end of it is so dirty she has to begin again; consequently the dust is so thick in the rest of the house that I can see my tracks. If 'twasn't so late in the season I'd plant garden stuff in the parlor—nice soil and lots of shade with the curtains down."

From the rooms in the rear came the words of a gospel hymn sung in a tremulous soprano and at concert pitch.

"Music with my meals, just like a high toned restaurant," commented Captain Cy.

"But what makes her sing so everlastin' loud?"

"Can't hear herself if she don't. I could stand her deafness, because that's an affliction, and we may all come to it, but—"

The housekeeper, still singing, entered the room and planted herself in a chair.

"Good crends," Mr. Tidditt, she said, smiling peevishly. "Nice weather we've been havin'."

Asaph nodded.

"Soberin' critter, ain't she?" observed the captain. "Always willin' to help entertain. Comes and sets up with me till bedtime. Tells about her family troubles. Preaches about not piece out west and how set the piece and the rest of the western relations are 'to have her make' em a visit. I told her she better go—I thought 'twould do her good. I know 'twould help me considerably to see her start."

"She's got so now she finds fault with my neckties," he added. "Says I must be careful and not get my feet wet. Picks out what I ought to wear so's I won't get cold. She'll adopt me pretty soon. Oh, it's all right! She can't hear what you say. Are your dishes done?" he shrieked, turning to the old lady.

"One! One what?" inquired Mrs. Beasley.

"They won't be done till you go, Asa," continued the master of the house. "She'll stay with us till the last gun fires. To-day day Angle Philiney called, and I turned Debby loose on her. I didn't believe anything could wear out Angie's talkin' machinery, but she did it. Angeline stayed twenty minutes and then quit, hearse as a cow."

Here the widow joined in the conversation, evidently under the impression that nothing had been said since she last spoke. Continuing her favorable comments on the weather, she observed that she was glad there was so little fog, because fog was hard for folks with "neurality pains." Her brother's wife's cousin had "neurality" for years, and she described his sufferings with enthusiasm and infinite detail. Mr. Tidditt answered her questions verbally at first, later by nods and shakes of the head. Captain Cy edged in his chair.

"Come on outdoor, Asa," he said at last. "No use to wait till she runs down, 'cause she's a self winder, guaranteed to keep goin' for a year. Good night!" he shouted, addressing Mrs. Beasley and heading for the door.

"Where you goin'?" asked the old lady.

"No—yes. Who said so? Hooray! Three cheers for General Scott! Come on, Asa!" And the captain, seizing his friend by the arm, dragged him into the open air and slammed the door.

"Are you crazy?" demanded the astounded town clerk. "What makes you talk like that?"

"Might as well. She wouldn't understand it any better if 'twas Scripture, and it saves brain work. The only satisfaction I get is bein' able to give my opinion of her and the grub without hurtin' her feelin's. If I called her a wooden headed jumpin' jack she'd only smile and say no, she didn't think 'twas goin' to rain, or somethin' just as brilliant."

"Well, why don't you give her her walkin' papers?"

"I shall when her month's up."

"I wouldn't wait no month. I'd leave her overboard tonight. You hear me!"

Captain Cy shook his head.

"I can't very well," he replied. "I hate to make her feel too bad. When the month's over I'll have some excuse ready, maybe. The joke of it is that she don't really need to work out. She's got some money of her own—own's cranberry swamps and I don't know what all. Says she took up Bailey's offer 'cause she callated I'd be company for her. I had to laugh even in the face of those beans when she said that."

However, at the end of the month Cyrus sent Deborah on her way with an extra month's salary in her pocket.

CHAPTER V.

DAYS passed. Cyrus saw the house becoming woefully untidy. Something must be done.

The captain drew his chair near the center table, took from his pocket a sheet of note paper and proceeded to read what was written on its pages. It was a letter which he had received nearly a month before and had not yet answered. During the past week he had read it many times. The writing was cramped and blotted and the paper cheap and dingy. The envelope bore the postmark of a small town in Indiana, and the inclosure was worded as follows:

Captain Cyrus Whittaker:

Dear Sir—I suppose you will be a good deal surprised to hear from me, especially from way out west here. When you bought the old house of Seth and I was living in Concord, N. H. He couldn't make go of his business there, so we came west, and he has been sick most of the time since. We ain't well on like you, and times are hard with us. What I wanted to write you about was this: My cousin Mary Thomas—Mary Thayer that was—is still living in Concord, and she is poor and needs help, though I don't suppose she would ask for it. Being poor and—false pride, I call it. As Seth and I would like to do something for her, but we have a hard enough job to keep going ourselves. Mary married a man by the name of Henry Thomas, and he turned out to be a miserable good for nothing, as I always said he would. She wouldn't let us see her, though. He run off and left her seven year ago last April, and I understand, was killed or drowned somewhere up in Montana. Mary and [several words scratched out here] got along somehow since, but I don't know how. While we live in Concord Seth sort of kept an eye on her, but now he can't, of course. She's got a girl, or two, but they ain't no good. I would make a good housekeeper if you should need one, as I suppose likely you will. If you could help her it would be an act of charity, and you will be rewarded above. Seth says why not write to her and tell her to come and see you. He feels bad about her, because he is so sick, I know. I guess you are rich

and could—good if you felt like it. Her name was John Thayer. I wouldn't wonder if you would know her mother. She was Emily Richards afore she married, and they used to live in Orlam. Yours truly, ELIZABETH HOWES.

P. S.—Mary's address is Mrs. Mary Thomas, care Mrs. Oliver, 128 Blank street, Concord, N. H.

—Beth won't say so, but I will: we are over hard on ourselves, and if you could help him and me with the loan of a little money it would be thankfully received.

Captain Cy read the letter, folded it and replaced it in his pocket. He knew the Howes family by reputation, and the reputation was that of general sharpness in trade and shingleness in money matters. Betsy's personal appeal did not, therefore, touch his heart to any great extent. He surmised also that for Seth Howes and his wife to ask help for some person other than themselves promised a daisy in the wood pile somewhere. But for the daughter of Emily Richards to be suggested as a possible housekeeper at the Cy Whittaker place—that was interesting, certainly.

When the captain was not a captain—when he was merely "young Cy," a boy, living with his parents—a dancing school was organized in Bayport. It was an innovation for their village and frowned upon by many of the older and stricter inhabitants. However, most of the captain's boy friends were permitted to attend. Young Cy was not. His father considered dancing a waste of time and, if not wicked, certainly frivolous and nonsensical, so the boy remained at home. But, in spite of the parental order, he practiced some of the figures of the quadrilles and the contradances in his comrades' barns, learning them at second hand, so to speak.

One winter there was to be a party in Orlam given by the Nickersons, wealthy people with a fifteen-year-old daughter. It was to be a grand affair, and most of the boys and girls in the neighboring towns were invited. Cy received an invitation—and, for a wonder, was permitted to attend. The Bayport contingent went over in a big hayrack on runners, and the moonlight ride was jolly enough. The Nickerson mansion was crowded, and there were music and dancing.

Young Cy was miserable during the dancing. He didn't dare attempt it in spite of his lessons in the barn. So, while the rest of his boy friends sought partners for the "Portland Fancy" and "Hull's Victory," he sat forlorn in a corner.

As he sat there he was approached by a young lady radiant in muslin and ribbons. She was three or four years older than he was, and he had worshipped her from afar as she whirled up and down the line in the Virginia reel. She never lacked partners, and seemed to be a great favorite with the young men, especially one good looking chap with a sunburned face, who looked like a sailor.

They were forming sets for "Money Musk." It was "ladies' choice," and there was a demand for more couples. The young lady came over to Cy's corner and laughingly dropped him a courtesy.

"If you please," she said, "I want a partner. Will you do me the honor?"

Cy blushingly avowed that he could not dance any to speak of.

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm sure you can. You're the Whittaker boy, aren't you? I've heard about your barn lessons, and I want you to try this with me. Please do! No, John," she added, turning to the sunburned young fellow who had followed her across the room, "this is my choice, and here is my partner. Susie Taylor is after you, and you mustn't run away. Come, Mr. Whittaker."

So Cy took her arm, and they danced "Money Musk" together. He made but a few mistakes, and these she helped him to correct so easily that none noticed. His success gave him courage, and he essayed other dances. In fact, he had a very good time at the party after all.

On the way home he thought a great deal about the pretty young lady, whose name he discovered was Emily Richards. He decided that if she would only wait for him he might like to marry her when he grew up. But he was thirteen, and she was seventeen, and the very next year she married John Thayer, the sailor in the blue suit. And two years after that young Cy ran away to be a sailor himself.

In spite of his age and his lifetime of battering about the world, Captain Cy had a sentimental streak in his makeup. His rejuvenation of the old house proved that Betsy's letter interested him. He had made guarded inquiries concerning Mary Thayer, now Mary Thomas, of others besides Asaph, and the answers had been satisfactory so far as they went. Those who remembered her had liked her very much. The captain had even begun a letter to Mrs. Thomas, but laid it aside unfinished, having since Bailey's unfortunate experience with the widow Beasley a prejudice against experiments.

He meditated and smoked for another hour. Then, his mind being made up, he pulled down the desk lid of the old fashioned secretary, resuracted from a pile of papers the note he had begun to Mrs. Thomas, dipped a spattering pen into the ink bottle and proceeded to write.

His letter was a short one and rather noncommittal. As Mrs. Thomas no doubt knew, he had come back to live in his father's house at Bayport. He might possibly need some one to keep house for him. He understood that she, Mary Thayer—that was, was a good housekeeper and that she was open to an engagement if everything was mutually satisfactory. He had known her mother slightly when the latter lived in Orlam. He thought an interview might be pleasant, for they could talk over old times if nothing more. Perhaps, on the whole, she might care to risk a trip to Bayport; therefore he inclosed money for her railroad fare. "You understand, of course," so he wrote in conclusion, "that nothing may come of our meeting at all. So please don't say a word to anybody when you strike town. You've lived here your self, and you know that three words here overboard in Bayport will dredge

up gab enough to sink a dictionary. So just keep your mouth shut the business is settled one way or the other."

A week passed, and he heard nothing. Then three more days and still no word from the New Hampshire widow. Meanwhile fresh layers of dust spread themselves over the Whittaker furniture, and the gaudy patterns of the carpets blushed dimly beneath a grimy fog.

The eleventh day began with a pouring rain that changed later on to a dismal drizzle. The silver leaf tree in the front yard dripped, and the overflowing gutters gurgled and splashed. The bay was gray and lonely, and the fish weirs along the outer bar were lost in the mist. The flowers in the Atkins urns were dragged and beaten down. Only the iron dogs glistened undisturbed as the wet ran off their newly painted backs. The air was heavy, and the salty flavor of the data might almost be tasted in it.

"Captain Cy was in the sitting room, as usual. His spirits were as gray as the weather. He was actually lonesome for the first time since his return home. He had kindled a wood fire in the stove just for the sociability of it, and the crackle and glow behind the leaded glass panes only served to remind him of other days and other fires. The sitting room had not been lonesome then.

He heard the depot wagon rattle by and, peering from the window, saw that except for Mr. Lumley it was empty. Not even a summer boarder had come to brighten their ways and lawns with reckless raiment and the newest slang. Summer boarding season was almost over now. Bayport would soon be as dull as dishwater. And the captain admitted to himself that it was dull. He had half a mind to take a flying trip to Boston, make the round of the wharfs and see if any of the old shipowners and ship captains whom he had once known were still alive and in harness.

"Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jingle!"

Captain Cy bounced in his chair. That was the front door bell. Who on earth, or rather, who in Bayport, would come to the front door?

He hurried through the grim grandeur of the best parlor and entered the little dark front hall. The bell was still swinging at the end of its coil of wire. The dust shaken from it still hung in the air. The captain unbolted and unlocked the big front door.

A girl was standing on the steps between the lines of box hedge—a little girl under a big "growinup" umbrella. The wet dripped from the umbrella top and from the hem of the little girl's dress.

Captain Cy stared hard at his visitor. He knew most of the children in Bayport, but he didn't know this one. Obviously she was a stranger. Portuguese children from "up Harlaw's way," sometimes called to pebble luckleberries, but this child was no "Portugee."

"Hello!" exclaimed the captain, wondering. "Did you ring the bell?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl. "Humph! Did, hey? Why?"

"Why? Why, I thought—ain't it a truly bell? Didn't it ought to ring? Is anybody sick or dead? There ain't any traps."

"Dead? Grapes?" Captain Cy gasped. "What in the world put that in your head?"

"Well, I didn't know but maybe that was why you thought I hadn't ought to have rung it. When mamma was sick they didn't let people ring our bell. And when she died they tied it up with crapes."

"Did, hey? Hum!" The captain scratched his chin and gazed at the small figure before him. It was a self poised, matter of fact figure for such a little one, and out there in the rain under the tent roof of the umbrella it was rather pitiful.

"Please, sir," said the child, "are you Captain Cyrus Whittaker?"

"Yup! That's me. You've guessed it the first time."

"Yes, sir. I've got a letter for you. It's pinned inside my dress. If you could hold this umbrella maybe I could get it out."

She extended the big umbrella at arm's length, holding it with both hands. Captain Cy woke up.

"Good land!" he exclaimed. "What am I thinkin' of? You're soakin' wet through, ain't you?"

"I guess I'm pretty wet. It's a long ways from the depot, and I tried to

come across the fields, because a boy said it was nearer, and the bushes were so—"

"Across the fields? Have you walked all the way from the depot?"

"Yes, sir. The man said it was a quarter to ride, and auntie said I must be careful of my money because—"

"By the big dipper! Come in! Come in out of that rain!"

He sprang down the steps, furled the umbrella, seized her by the arm and led her into the house, through the parlor and into the sitting room, where the fire crackled invitingly. He could feel that the dress sleeve under his hand was wet through, and the worn boots and darned stockings he could see were soaked likewise.

"There!" he cried. "Set down in

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1943

Saturday, January 21, 1911.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts has been re-elected to succeed himself. He had thirteen votes to spare.

If the sort of nerve that Dr. Cook exhibited in playing a return engagement in St. Louis could discover the North Pole, the doctor would have called the Big Nell.

Four men who had been elected to the General Assembly as Democrats voted for Col. Lippitt, the successful Republican candidate and one Democrat voted for Judge Colt.

During the two days voting for U. S. Senator every member of the General Assembly was in his seat. It is somewhat remarkable that not one of the 139 members was absent either day.

It seems that most of the accidents to aviators are caused by "holes" in the atmosphere. When some plan shall be devised for patching the air, or avoiding the holes, the aviator will be safe at any altitude.

Shall we have a new up-to-date hotel in Newport? It depends on the people. There is money enough in Newport to build one if the people will be united, and work and pull together. Let's try it.

Forty-five of the Brazilian sailors who mutinied have died from various causes since their surrender. Twenty-six succumbed to sunstroke while engaged in compulsory government work. This form of capital punishment is effective, if unofficial.

Nobody will regret very sincerely the redoubtment of the cold storage men who found themselves overstocked with food supplies that they were holding for a price that did not come. The withholding of this food supply has long been an unforfeitable offense.

Rhode Island has done pretty well for the Lippitt family. Henry Lippitt, father of the present generation, was chosen Governor for two years, Charles Warren Lippitt served as governor for three years, and Henry E. Lippitt has now been elected United States Senator and can probably retain that office as long as he wants it.

The United States Senatorial question being out of the way the General Assembly will now settle down to business. There are many important measures to come before the Legislature this year which will require much time and consideration. It is to be hoped that the business will be transacted in a satisfactory manner.

The cold wave of the past week has served to remind us that winter is still here, a fact that the mild weather of the early part of the month had helped us to forget. Well, the women want cold weather and it helps to keep money in circulation in Newport if it can be put here instead of being imported from Down East.

The girls at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., have declared war on eleven splendid yellow Vandyske beards, the pride of eleven seniors. Invitations to class functions have been cancelled and the co-eds have delivered their ultimatum that they will not recognize the offending seniors till the beards are removed. Wonder if the objection is because the whiskers "tickles" the face?

Professor Wheeler of the State College says that there can be no permanent prosperity in any country that neglects its agriculture. He probably is correct. It has long been acknowledged that agriculture is the permanent basis of the world's wealth, and the higher the prices of food stuffs go so must other things rise in proportion. Man cannot yet learn to live without eating.

A certain form of mosquito has been for some years the acknowledged criminal in the spread of yellow fever, and medical research has discovered that killing the mosquitoes kills the spread of the disease. Now comes a scientist from Middletown, Conn., to claim that the epidemic of infantile paralysis, from which the whole country suffered last summer, is due to the wicked flea. It is to be hoped that somebody may eventually find the germ of infantile paralysis, and Professor Conn's diagnosis that the flea carries the germ may perhaps be accepted as correct until somebody else comes forward with a different theory.

If Newport is ever to have a good hotel it seems as if it must be realized. Although the efforts of some such body of men as now have the matter under consideration. If the local banks are ready to lend their aid and support to the matter it would seem as if the project must have some standing. The move to test the feeling of the summer people on the matter is a wise one also. It will no doubt be found that some will be opposed to a hotel, but there will undoubtedly be many who will be glad of such an institution for their own convenience as well as for its direct benefit to Newport. If this movement should result in failure Newport might as well abandon all thought of a hotel.

General Assembly.

The matter of electing a member of the United States Senate to succeed Senator Aldrich engrossed the attention of the Legislature on Tuesday and Wednesday. There were three candidates, Henry E. Lippitt, Judge Le-Brown B. Colt, and Judge Arthur L. Brown. On Tuesday the two Houses cast their ballot separately, and the vote stood as follows: In the Senate—Lippitt 21, Colt 7, Brown 11; necessary for a choice 21. In the House—Lippitt 60, Colt 10, Brown 84; necessary for a choice 61. It will be seen that Mr. Lippitt had a majority in the Senate but not in the House.

On Wednesday the two Houses met in grand committee, and Lippitt had a majority on the first ballot. The vote stood: Lippitt 72, Colt 23, Brown 44; necessary for a choice 70, and Mr. Lippitt was declared elected. One Democrat Senator Kuerr of Hopkinton, changed his vote from Brown to Lippitt, but otherwise the various members stood firmly by their candidates.

Not a great deal of other business has been transacted, although a few bills



HENRY E. LIPPITT,

Junior Senator from Rhode Island.

have been introduced and referred to proper committees. The Senate elected their committees on Thursday, when Senator McKenna opposed the way they were selected but admitted the fairness of the selection. There are few changes from last year, the Newport County members receiving appointments as follows:

John P. Sanborn of Newport—Chairman Judiciary, member accounts and claims.

Charles H. Ward, Middletown—Special legislation, education, joint committee on engrossed bills.

Isaac H. Clarke, Jamestown—Corporations, Fisheries.

Henry C. Anthony, Portsmouth—Chairman Fisheries, special legislation, joint committee on printing.

George R. Lawton, Fiverton—Finance, Fisheries.

Philip H. Wilbourn, Little Compton—Chairman Corporations, joint committee on rules and orders.

Christopher E. Champlin, New Shoreham—Corporations, Fisheries, joint committee on executive communications.

Speaker Bliss expects to announce his committees next Tuesday and until that time there will probably be little to be done.

The New York Navy Yard.

In a letter from Commodore E. Simpson to the Hon. J. T. Ward, in 1882, he says: "My idea would be to abandon Boston, New York and League Island, and to concentrate all the work that is being carried on at these several places on such an extravagant scale. . . . You see that my recommendations would be considered extreme but they are made deliberately."

Rear Admiral D. M. Fairfax wrote as follows in response to an inquiry from Hon. J. T. Ward:

"The Brooklyn Navy Yard is miserably located for a first class naval station. During our late war this was experienced. We had no better place, hence we remained content. I experienced great delay at that yard in our Civil War in fitting up and repairing the small vessels I commanded. It is the interest of New York and Brooklyn to get rid of their navy yard at an early date. . . . Any one who has knowledge of the condition of the employees at that station and Boston and New York, will agree with me that it is alike to the interest of the laborers and the Government that rural districts, where we have the choice, should be selected for our large establishments. . . . There is one important feature ever to be kept in mind, that New York is the main point of trade, foreign and domestic. . . . Then if they will open their eyes and see that a navy yard within their harbor cannot contribute in the least to her defense, even if there was a suitable point for a first-class yard, the idea would be quickly abandoned."

The above extracts from letters of Rear Admirals Fairfax and Simpson are from two distinguished naval officers, both of whom were thoroughly familiar with the New York Navy Yard. Their high professional standing entitles their opinions to be received with the greatest respect.

We notice by the New York press reports that in his quest for deeper water facilities for the giant fleet, present and to come, Mr. Franklin, vice president of the International Navigation Company, has decided against the claims of Montauk Point and South Brooklyn. We beg leave to invite his attention to the facilities offered by the New York Navy Yard. The above criticisms of that yard, together with those so forcibly expressed in the letters on this subject that we have laid before our readers, show conclusively that the New York Navy yard has been condemned as a government plant by the ablest expert opinion. The transfer of this yard from the Gov-

ernment to the municipal authorities would be a mere bagatelle to men who have projected and carried out such great enterprises as bridging and tunneling the East River and the Hudson and erecting those magnificent railroad terminals in New York City. Or, if Mr. Franklin's Company do not take to this proposition, let it examine Narragansett Bay where plenty of deep water may be found. We invite an investigation of this magnificent and comparatively unknown sheet of water.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Sharp Competition for the Panama Canal Exposition—Our Exports to China have Decreased—United States is no Longer a Maritime Country—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, D. C., Jan. 19, 1911.

International Exposition bonniers for the celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal are at work in Washington. San Francisco and New Orleans are the contending cities. The capital of the United States, where the exposition should really be held, is not saying much. San Francisco is flourishing seventeen million dollars as her claim, while New Orleans with ten millions feels that this amount will go farther owing to the proximity of that city to the rest of the world, than will seventeen millions on the Pacific slope. An advocate for New Orleans puts it that Congress will be responsible for saying which city is most accessible to all the people of the United States, claiming that New Orleans is two thousand miles closer to the center of population and two thousand miles nearer to Panama than San Francisco and that the latter city is more than three thousand miles farther from the principal nations which are likely to send exhibits. It is claimed that the center of population of the United States is near Cincinnati and five hundred miles from New Orleans, while San Francisco is two thousand five hundred miles from this center. Within a nine hundred miles of New Orleans, it is said, there are seventy cities with a combined population of twenty millions, while within nine hundred miles of San Francisco are only eight cities and their combined population is one million. With Washington as a starting point, it is said that it takes four days to reach San Francisco and only a little more than one day to reach New Orleans, while the cost including sleeping berth to San Francisco is \$93, and to New Orleans \$33. All these arguments to the pocket are important but apply with still greater force to the selection of Washington, which is closer to the population of the United States and to the world than either New Orleans or San Francisco. To those who have followed the social, industrial and political tendencies of the Pacific slope for the last five years a serious objection to holding an international exposition in San Francisco is that that city is antagonistically opposed to the Japanese, Chinese and other Orientals who necessarily make such a large part of every international exposition and that should the exposition be held there, there would be perpetual danger of artificial earthquakes more serious in their ultimate effects than the catastrophe which destroyed San Francisco a few years ago.

Statistics show that our exports to China have declined from fifty-eight millions five years ago to fifteen and one-half millions in 1910. The Chinaman is frequently referred to as an enigmatical creature, but those who have studied him in his own habits realize that there is a great deal of human nature in him and that he has abundant shrewd common sense. The Chinaman is not a first-class fighting man, but he is not unresourceful of wrong. He has been outrageously treated in this country and especially on the Pacific coast and organized into unions as a European army is into regiments, the word has gone forth to boycott American wares. It is as nothing to the average Chinaman or the Chinaman much above the average, that this country renounced some millions of the Boxer indemnity. That was a state affair, and the average Chinaman knows nothing of state affairs, and there is no word in the Chinese language for patriotism because the idea is totally nonexistent to the Celestial Kingdom.

It is beginning to be realized that we are building the Panama Canal for Germany, Great Britain, Japan and other nations that carry freight by sea. It is evident that the trading ships of other nations will use the waterway to a much greater extent than will the people of this country. How can it be otherwise? Our ships, owing to the tariff and the high price of labor, cost 50 per cent. more than the ships of any other country. Our sailors cost twice as much as those of any European country and five times as much as the wonderfully seasoned and competent sailors of Japan and China. We ceased suddenly to be a maritime country fifty years ago and we will never again be a maritime country until we can compete on a financial basis to ships and men with European and Asiatic peoples.

The President has sent a message to Congress urging fortification of the Panama Canal. He wants five millions of dollars to start the work. Nothing will more quickly elicit sentiment in favor of earthworks and guns for the Canal than the opposition which is appearing in the British and Japanese papers.

Why He Was a Baptist.

Rev. Dr. Henry Haslam was delivering an address the other day at a ministers' meeting.

"I once knew a Baptist, an old man of the hard shell order. To him the Baptist religion was the only one. 'One day a friend of his, who was a Methodist, stopped him on the street. 'You know there are other ways besides the Baptist way of getting to heaven,' he said.

"My Baptist friend drew himself up. 'That's true, there may be,' he said with withering scorn, 'but no gentleman would take advantage of them.'"

Ashley—Berkley was nothing but skin and bones when he went to the seashore last summer to recuperate. Seymour—Well, did his sojourn increase his weight?

Ashley—No, sir; it lessened his weight; he got sunburned and lost his skin."

Mother (visiting son at preparatory school)—"Well, my darling! Son—'I say, mother, don't look so ghoulishly pleased before all these fellows!'"

Punch.

"Paw, what's a pretzel?"

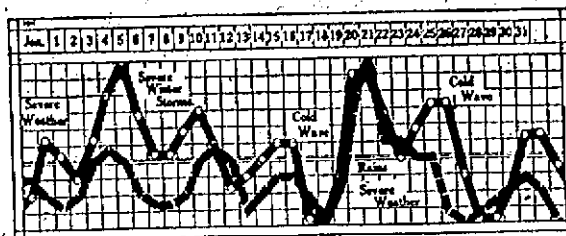
"A cracker with cramps, my son. Now go to bed."—St. Joseph News-Press.

Senator Aldrich's plan for banking organization is meeting with considerable comment. Many newspapers and prominent men endorse it unqualifiedly while others condemn it but it is generally accepted as a step forward. At any rate it is the crowning achievement of the wonderful brain of the Senator from Rhode Island who will soon retire from the United States Senate.

Speaker Cannon admits that he smokes cigars and perhaps does some other things of a more or less venial nature, but he draws the line at smoking a Missouri meerschaum. Perhaps the next speaker, being from Missouri, may set the fashion in that respect.

The Vermont Legislature on Wednesday reported the proposed income tax amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Vermont thus follows the lead of Rhode Island whose Legislature took similar action a year ago.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



January will be warmer than usual east of Meridian 87 and colder than usual from Meridian 90 to west of Rockies. Warmer than usual on Pacific Slope. Precipitation will be above normal in Ohio Valleys from St. Louis to City of N. Y. and on Pacific Slope. Dry in Cuba and elsewhere in the States; about normal precipitation in Canada.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below, treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse.

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Washington, D. C. Jan. 19, 1911.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 23 to 27, warm wave 22 to 25, cold wave 25 to 29. This will bring rough winter storms, unusually cold on their front and unusually cold following. They will include a high temperature wave, a severe cold wave with blizzard accompaniments, a few days of very cold weather. The very cold weather and snow, of course, must be assigned to northern latitudes. The fall in temperatures from near Jan. 21 to 29 will be very great and a large part of the Jan. precipitation will occur at that time.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 29, cross Pacific slope by close of 30, great central valleys 31 to Feb. 2, eastern sections 3. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 29, great central valleys 31, eastern sections Feb. 2. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 1, great central valleys 3, eastern sections 5.

This disturbance will bring unusually severe storms, particularly east of meridian 90. As the disturbance approaches, temperatures will go to high degree. A cold wave and blizzard and freezing weather will follow with several days of unusually cold weather. The cold weather will particularly affect the country east of meridian 90.

For Jan. the cold waves were predicted to affect the country between meridian 90 and the Rockies and the forecasts were good. I expect a reversal for Feb. The cold waves will affect the country between meridian 90 and the Atlantic while comparatively warm weather will prevail further west. On Pacific slope cooler than usual will prevail.

Another important event comes with this disturbance. Snapshots that will have relation to our weather may be seen on Feb. 2. These snapshots may be

To Fortify the Canal.

There are intimations from Washington that England is somewhat opposed to the erection of defenses by the United States at the Panama Canal. This is a surprising position for that country to take. As ex-Senator Foraker, in a letter to the President, points out, there is nothing in the treaty between the United States and Great Britain in 1901 dealing with an international waterway to forbid us from fortifying any canal there, which we would decide to build, and Foraker had a hand in the shaping of that treaty.

Mr. Taft has urged an appropriation for the erection of defenses along the Panama Canal. In a bill now before Congress an appropriation for that purpose is provided. It ought to pass. Probably it will pass. Although the President is just as much devoted to the economy programme now as he was last year, he favors an expenditure of money which would aid in placing the canal completely in our power in war time. Some of the other proposals now before Congress for spending money by the government can wait, but this one is urgent. The people, by a large majority, are probably in favor of it. Mr. Taft and a few other members of the House, Republicans and Democrats, oppose the proposition, and a few prominent newspapers here and there are against it. There is no good reason to suppose, however, that any considerable portion of the thinking people of the country are hostile to it, says an exchange.

From present indications the canal will be opened by the beginning of 1915. It will cost several hundreds of millions of dollars for construction. Many more millions will be spent upon it before the tolls will pay the expense of its maintenance. All the world will be free to use it in peace times on precisely the same terms as the United States. Although no country, except ours, will contribute a cent toward its construction or repair, our shippers will be permitted to advantage over those of England, France, Germany or any other country in using it in the ordinary routine of commerce. But if we should be engaged in war with any other naval power we must exercise the right of shutting that nation out of the canal. This will be part of the coast line of the United States, and we must control it in war time. Notwithstanding the treasury deficit we must appropriate the few million dollars which will be needed to erect suitable defenses at Panama.

Deaths.

Suddenly, in this city, 13th inst., at his residence, 11 Broadway, William T. Libby, aged 60 years.

In this city, 11th inst., Rebecca B., widow of Daniel S. Wilcox, aged 80 years.

In this city, 19th inst., John B. Langley, aged 80 years.

In this city, 17th inst., at her residence 734 Spring street, Mary A. Bourne, aged 49 years.

In this city, Dr. Nathaniel H. Chase, in the 60th year of his age.

Formerly, 11th inst., Byron D. Boyd, in his 81st year.

In Tiverton four corners, 15th inst., Edward F. Hart, in his 51st year.

In Tiverton, 14th inst., Geneva B., wife of Edward Hamby, in her 83d year.

In New York City, 15th inst., James A. Jr., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hammond, formerly of this city.

seen on the northwest part of the sun. Whoever may watch the storm reports will observe a great increase in force of the storm Feb. 2, 3, 4. About noon of Feb. 3 look at right hand upper part of the sun and you will probably see the sunspots that will have some relation to our weather at that time. You may need an opera glass with a smoked glass in front of it.

I am expecting an excess of rainfall for Feb. in the southern states, in New England and in the eastern provinces. Elsewhere the precipitation will be from about normal to considerably below. Looks unusually warm for Feb. between meridian 90 and the Rockies. Feb. will average much warmer during first half than last. Temperatures will go to the top not far from Feb. 2 and to the bottom not far from Feb. 14. The average east of meridian 90 will be unusually low from Feb. 14 to March 2. Principal rains will fall during the two weeks ending on 10 and 22. Next sunspots after Feb. 3 will be March 8.

I have received reports from several sections, where farmers desired to hold their grain, to the effect that bankers had entered into an agreement not to loan farmers money to enable them to hold their grain. It is to be true—and it really does appear to be true for some of the states—these bankers will see that they have made a grievous mistake. Bankers, of course, have a right to refuse new loans where security is not ample but it is a serious thing to enter into an agreement not to extend their loans to enable farmers to hold their grain a little longer. Farmers are slowly learning how to use the ballot. That valuable little paper was in a veritable galling gun in defense of rights and in repelling oppression. Farmers should never permit partisan prejudices to divide them to the detriment of their own interests. Organized all other interests are organized and the farmers cannot hold their own without "fighting the devil with fire".

Weekly Almanac.

JANUARY 1911	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

New Moon, 30th day, 4h. 5m., morning.
Full Moon, 15th day, 11h. 20m., morning.
First Quarter, 8th day, 6h. 26m., evening.
Last Quarter, 22nd day, 1h. 21m., morning.

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In New York City, 15th inst., James A. Jr., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hammond, formerly of this city.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS
Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to:

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
123 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1837. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has in Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country places."

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Flatulence, Nausea, Nervousness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

Is the base of so many ills that here is where we make our great head. Cerebral curist who others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MIDDLETOWN.

George Howland, Master of Consulate Grange, Jamestown, Master of Newport County Pomona Grange and State deputy, was the installing officer at Aquidneck Grange last week. The following is a list of the officers for 1911:

Worthy Master—Joseph A. Peckham.
Overseer—Mrs. William M. O. Spooner.
Secretary—Charles H. Ward.
Steward—Wm. M. O. Spooner.
Assistant Steward—John Nicholson.
Chaplain—Mrs. Eliza Clark Peckham.
Treasurer—Henry D. Sherman.
Sergeant—Mrs. Wm. O. Spooner.
Gate Keeper—John H. Anthony.
Cores—Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham.
Flower—Miss Mary Meadster.
Pomona—Miss Helen M. Coggeshall.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. William M. O. Spooner.

Brief addresses were made by the retiring Master, N. Horace Peckham, by Worthy Master J. A. Peckham, and by Past Master of Aquidneck Grange, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox; also a very instructive talk by Deputy Howland. Light refreshments were served.

The following delegates will represent the Oliphant Club at the midwinter meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Church Hill House on January 25th: Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham, president; Mrs. John H. Coggeshall, secretary; Mrs. Phoebe E. F. Manover; alternates, Mrs. Kate Riley, Miss Sadie E. Peckham, Mrs. Helen DeBols.

The Patron's Fire Relief Association, which held its annual meeting in Providence on Tuesday, is well represented by Middletown men, I. Lincoln Sherman being president, Mr. Charles H. Ward, treasurer and Mr. Joseph A. Peckham one of the directors.

The Citizens' Association held their postponed annual meeting on Wednesday evening at the town hall, electing the following officers:

President—Arthur W. Chase.
Vice President—Elmer H. Chase.
Secretary and Treasurer—Charles A. Carr.
Executive Committee—A. W. Chase, Richard H. Wheeler, E. H. Stinson, C. A. Carr, Joshua B. Coggeshall.
Nominating Committee—Dennis J. Murphy, Joseph L. Chase, John T. Carr, Philip Caswell, F. J. Coggeshall, William V. Hart, Chester B. Brown.
Entertainment Committee—Dennis J. Murphy, Philip Caswell, Chester B. Brown.
Membership Committee—John Ray, W. Heath, Everett P. Littlefield, Philip Dring, Jr., Orestes L. H. H.

At the close of the business session speech making was in order and a show of support was given in charge of Frank T. Peckham. There was a fair attendance and much interest and enthusiasm.

Tough Cases Cost More.

"Salvation seems to be mighty costly to some, while it's free to others," growled the man who was asked to contribute to the church.

"Of course," replied the deacon. "It's a bigger job to save some people than it is to save others."

A Winning Play.

Old Friend—Your plan is a most excellent one. But do you think your wife will agree to it? Married Man—Oh, yes, I'll tell her someone else suggested it, and I'll call it an idiot's idea.

"Why don't the theatrical managers want husband and wife in the same company?"

"They think the public wouldn't care to see a man making love to his wife."

"Looks too much like setting, eh?" Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Don't you think you have a good mamma, to spread such a nice big slice of bread with jam for you?" asked the visitor. "Oh, yes," replied little Lola, "but my grandma is kinder; she lets me spread the jam myself."

"What is a young man to do when his attention has been arrested by a pretty girl?"

"Why, carry his case to court, of course.—Red Hen.

"He married her for her title."

"You mean the other way about, don't you?"

"No; her title to a lot of valuable real estate."—Boston Transcript.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

AVIATOR LANDS ON A CRUISER

Eugene Ely Performs a Feat
Hitherto Unattempted

HE FLIES AT TERRIFIC SPEED

Starts From Aviation Field Twelve Miles From San Francisco and Drops Gracefully on Deck of the Pennsylvania, Anchored in Bay—Return Flight an Hour Later Without Slightest Injury to His Biplane

San Francisco, Jan. 19.—Eugene Ely flew twelve miles in an aeroplane, made a successful landing on the cruiser Pennsylvania, and an hour later arose from the ship and flew back to Selfridge field, twelve miles south of San Francisco.

The feat was accomplished without mishap. Not a wire or bolt of the biplane was injured.

"It was easy enough," said Ely, as he stepped from his seat after his return and was seized by the cheering soldiers of the Thirtieth Infantry and hoisted on their shoulders. "I think the trick could be successfully turned nine times out of ten."

It was 10:45 o'clock when Ely left the aviation grounds, swept over the San Bruno hills and disappeared towards San Francisco. Meanwhile the wireless advised the cruiser, at anchor with the fleet in the bay, that he would make the attempt, and final preparations were made for his reception.

A wooden platform 130 feet long and 50 feet wide had been constructed over the after deck of the ship. It slanted gently aft and across the floor were stretched ropes with 100 pound sand bags attached, designed to be caught by hooks on the lower framework of the biplane. As a further precaution a canvas barrier was stretched across the forward end of the platform. Launches and ship's boats fully manned were put out in event of a mishap.

At 10:58 o'clock the lookout on the Pennsylvania sighted Ely, and the ship's siren roared a blast of welcome. He came on at terrific speed, circled around the fleet, dipping in salute to each ship, and came up to the wind for the stern of the Pennsylvania.

He was flying low as he neared the ship, and dropped down lightly, striking the platform. The hooks on the aeroplane caught the ropes and stopped the biplane within sixty feet, although he was going about thirty-five miles an hour, without disarranging any part of the machine.

There was a great outburst of cheers and a rush of officers, visitors and sailors to greet the aviator. Later, Ely was the guest of Captain Pond of the Pennsylvania at luncheon.

Exactly one hour from the time he landed on the cruiser, Ely took his seat in the machine and gave word to let go. The aeroplane went down the 130-foot platform at high speed, dropped off the stern with a gentle dip, and then rose rapidly over the ships in the harbor. The start was as perfect as the landing had been.

Rising to a height of 2000 feet, Ely circled over San Francisco and then headed for the aviation field. He landed there at 12:13 o'clock.

A full company of the Thirtieth Infantry swooped down on him as he dismounted and bore him in triumph to Major O'Neill's tent, where an informal reception followed.

Once before Ely sailed in an aeroplane from the deck of a war vessel, the first time that that feat was ever accomplished. Yesterday he landed on the deck of a war vessel and repeated his former achievement of flying into the air again.

TAYLOR IS SENTENCED

Six to Eight Years For Man Who Chained His Wife to Wall

Boston, Jan. 17.—James H. Taylor, alias Asbury, whose starving white wife was discovered chained to a wall by police raiders at 58 Middlesex street, was found guilty by a jury in the superior criminal court on four counts of assault and battery upon his wife, Margaret Taylor, and on charges of keeping and distributing cocaine, of carrying a loaded revolver and of white slavery.

He was sentenced to a term in the state prison of not more than eight nor less than six years.

Aged Couple Die on Same Day

Newburg, N. Y., Jan. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Teneyck, residents of Canterbury, died within a few hours of each other. They were both 70 years old, and had been married fifty years.

Six Men Killed in Explosion

Helena, Mont., Jan. 19.—The explosion of a powder magazine in the Keating mine at Radersburg last night resulted in the death of six men and the injury of two others.

Income Tax Law Rejected

Montpelier, Vt., Jan. 19.—Both branches of the Vermont state legislature have registered their votes against the proposed federal income tax amendment.

Grant Indicted For Robin Loan

New York, Jan. 20.—Frank A. Grant, president of the Northern Bank of New York, the concern wrecked by the manipulations of Joseph G. Robin, was indicted on a charge of concealing from the directors of the institution a loan of \$69,000 to other concerns controlled by Robin.

PEARY CERTAIN OF HONOR

Shown by Canvass of Both Sides of House of Representatives

Washington, Jan. 20.—Representative Roberts of Massachusetts has begun work on his minority report on the resolution promoting Captain Peary to the rank of rear admiral, as a reward for his discovery of the North Pole. The report will not be opposed, but it will criticize the manner in which it passed on Peary's proofs.

Representative Bates of Pennsylvania, author of the Peary resolution, began a canvass of the Republican side of the house to ascertain the sentiment in favor of Peary. A similar canvass was made on the Democratic side by Representative Harrison of New York, and both members expressed the opinion that the resolution would be passed at this session.

GUILTY ON EIGHTY COUNTS

New Orleans Banker Is Convicted For the Second Time

New Orleans, Jan. 20.—William Adler, former president of the State National Bank of New Orleans, was found guilty in the federal court on eighty counts charging misapplication of the funds of the bank.

This was the second time Adler had been tried for this offense. At the first trial he was found guilty and sentenced to six years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta. The verdict was reversed as to many counts by the United States circuit court of appeals and a new trial granted.

Following the decision of the appellate court another indictment was returned against Adler and it was on this and certain counts in the previous indictment that the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

EXPLOSION KILLS EIGHT ON THE DELAWARE

Backheaders on Boiler Blow Out on Battleship

Washington, Jan. 18.—Eight men were killed and another so badly injured that he will probably die on the battleship Delaware at sea through an unprecedented accident in the fire-room.

Three backheaders attached to one of the boilers blew off, exploding with such terrific force that the entire crew in the fire-room was scalded to death, probably before it realized what had happened.

The explosion occurred, according to wireless messages received from Captain Cove, in command of the ship, while the Delaware was making for Hampton Roads and when about twelve hours from her goal.

DIXIE LABOR REPORTS

Overman Asserts That They Have Been Squelched by Nagel

Washington, Jan. 20.—That Secretary Nagel of the department of commerce and labor has suppressed much of the reports of agents of the labor bureau, because of their revelations concerning the private lives of people in North Carolina and other southern states, was asserted in the senate by Senator Overman.

He stated that some of the reports were so revolting in character that, if printed, the law would prohibit their transmission through the mails.

The statement followed an inquiry by Senator Beveridge as to the publication of the results of investigations into the employment of women and children made a few years ago.

WOULD ABROGATE TREATIES

Jews Want President and Congress to Take Action Against Russia

New York, Jan. 20.—Resolutions, demanding the immediate abrogation of all existing treaties between this country and Russia, were adopted by the delegates to the twenty-second council of the Union of Hebrew-American Congregations at their concluding session at the Hotel Astor.

Bitter denunciation of Russia's refusal to admit into that country Jewish citizens of the United States bearing passports preceded the introduction of the resolutions, copies of which were ordered sent to President Taft and to congress.

Death Sentences Commuted

Tokio, Jan. 20.—The death sentences of twelve of the twenty-five anarchists, found guilty of plotting the life of the mikado, were commuted to life imprisonment. Kotoku, the leader, and wife must die.

Bank Man Sent to Prison

Toronto, Jan. 17.—W. R. Travers, manager of the defunct Farmers' bank, was sentenced to six years for theft, five for false government returns and six for forgery, the terms to run concurrently.

LEPER DISCOVERED IN HUB

Japanese Who Came From the West a Few Months Ago

Boston, Jan. 20.—A Japanese, 35 years old, who came from the west a few months ago, has been discovered to be a sufferer from leprosy. He has been under treatment for another disease. Experts of the health department were sent into the neighborhood to provide against all possible contagion, and the man has been sent to the detention hospital to await removal to Penikese island.

The case was the first discovered in Boston for nearly two years. At that time there were two cases, and the victims were sent to the leper hospital at Penikese.

PAUL MORTON

Was Active in Railroad and Political Circles



DEATH CALLS

PAUL MORTON

Dies an Hour After Being Stricken in New York Hotel

HAS CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE

Prosperous Career of Man Who Went to Work When Fifteen Years Old, Becoming Prominent in Railroad and Insurance Circles and Secretary of the Navy in Cabinet of President Roosevelt

New York, Jan. 20.—Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance society and secretary of the navy under Theodore Roosevelt, died of a cerebral hemorrhage in the Hotel Seymour last night.

His wife and elder brother, Jay, were summoned to his side, but he died a few minutes before they arrived and an hour after he was stricken. His close friend, E. J. Berwind, arrived a few moments before he breathed his last, but he was unconscious from the moment of the stroke, and neither recognized those about him nor spoke.

The coroner's office is satisfied that death resulted from natural causes, and there will be no autopsy. Mr. Morton himself had no idea that his life was in danger, but his family, his physicians and a few close friends knew his condition was precarious and that if he did not take care of himself something was going to break.

Coroner's Physician O'Hanlon said that from the antecedent history and the symptoms there was no doubt in his mind that death was due to arterial sclerosis, a hardening of the walls of the arteries, terminating in a cerebral lesion. He thought that Bright's disease was indicated, but there would be no autopsy. A permit for removal of the body to Morton's house was granted almost immediately. The death was reported to the coroner's office in the usual stereotyped form as follows:

"Paul Morton, 63 years old, died suddenly at the Hotel Seymour, 60 West Forty-fifth street; reported to coroner's office by Dr. Pearson of 49 West Forty-fourth street; occupation, railroad man."

Paul Morton, ex-secretary of the navy, president of the Equitable Life Assurance society, prominent railroad official and vice president of the Pan-American railroad, was the son of J. S. Morton, secretary of agriculture in the cabinet of Grover Cleveland.

He was born in Detroit May 22, 1857, and started his railroad career in 1872 with the Burlington system, working up from the position of a clerk in the land office and serving as assistant general freight agent and general passenger agent and ending as general freight agent of the C., B. and Q. railroad.

He then became president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company and in 1890 was elected president of the Whitebreast Fuel company. In 1896 he went as third vice president with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad and was promoted to the second vice presidency in 1898.

He remained in this position until 1904, when, having formed an acquaintance with President Roosevelt, he was offered by him a position in his cabinet, which he accepted, becoming secretary of the navy. He served as secretary from July 1, 1904, to July 1, 1905, when he resigned to become president of the Equitable Life Assurance society.

He married Charlotte Goodridge of Chicago Oct. 13, 1880, and she, with two daughters, survives him. The daughters are Miss Pauline Morton and Mrs. William C. Potter.

Double Hanging Postponed

Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 20.—An appeal to the supreme court gives a stay of execution to D. R. Ford and his wife, who were sentenced to be hanged at De Queen today. They were charged with the killing of Will Nichols at Locksburg.

Woman Must Answer Death Charge

Boston, Jan. 20.—Joseph M. Green, a negro janitor, who was shot on Dec. 30 by his wife, died yesterday. His widow is in jail. The charge will now be changed to murder. Mrs. Green claimed that her husband deserted her for someone else.

LIKE "ARABIAN NIGHTS"

Elaborate Wedding Planned For the Daughter of Great Indian Prince

Lahore, India, Jan. 20.—The most elaborate preparations are being made for the fetes to be held at Kapurthala, in honor of the marriage of Prince Paranjit-Singh, son and heir of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, and Princess Brinda de Jubal, a descendant of the most ancient and illustrious caste in India.

The ante-nuptial festivities will take place during the first five days of February, and will be attended in state by all the great princes of India.

At Kapurthala, the capital of the state, the maharajah has a wonderful palace and is one of the richest in money and jewels of the native rulers of India. The wedding festivities in this palace, with music, dancing girls, feasting and the princes, their families and trains in royal robes covered with priceless jewels, will be like a story from the "Thousand and One Nights."

The princess is of such ancient lineage as to be regarded as of half divine origin, and is treated with the highest veneration by the Hindus.

BALLOU ABSOLVES PARRI

Does Not Think He Was Shot by Man Whom He Killed

Bath, Me., Jan. 20.—John Parri, who was shot and killed by Deputy Sheriff John Ballou during a riot at a construction camp near Topsham on Tuesday last, did not fire the shot which wounded the deputy in the head, in the opinion of that official.

Ballou, who is in the Bath hospital, says that, although he exchanged shots with Parri, he believes that he received his wound at the hands of another of the mob which had rescued from Ballou and other officers a man who had been arrested charged with illegal sale of liquor.

MAINE STURGIS LAW

RECEIVES SETBACK

Enforcement Commissioners Are Removed by Governor

Augusta, Me., Jan. 19.—Governor Plafied last night issued letters removing Andrew Hovey, Henry W. Oakes and George M. Phoenix from office as enforcement commissioners. Thus Maine's famous Sturgis law, providing for the enforcement of the prohibitory law by state deputies in counties where county officials have been derelict in their duties, becomes inoperative so far as this administration is concerned.

A bill is pending in the legislature, which provides for the repeal of the law itself. The Sturgis commission, so-called, was created by act of the legislature in 1905 and has operated in nearly every county in the state, one time or another.

During the last eighteen months the expense of the commission has been put upon the counties, some of which, have refused to pay and the matter is still in abeyance, with the possibility that it may be carried to the United States supreme court.

MISSING SINCE DEC. 29

Balloon Hildebrandt Found, With Aeronauts' Bodies in Basket

Berlin, Jan. 17.—The German balloon Hildebrandt, which had been missing since its ascent at Schmargendorf on Dec. 29, was found in a lake in Pomerania province, Prussia. The bodies of both aeronauts were in the gondola.

It had been believed Dr. Roehrs and his companion had met death in the Baltic sea, the balloon having taken that direction on rising. The aeronauts had planned a forty-eight hours' aerial voyage, and nothing was seen of them after the start.

BARRY IS RETIRED

Navy Department Acts Before Receipt of Charges Against Him

Washington, Jan. 17.—The application of Rear Admiral Barry for retirement has been approved by President Taft and he has been transferred to the retired list of the navy.

The navy department issued the order retiring Barry on Saturday, and advised him of that fact by telegraph. This action was taken before the publication of the allegations that officers of the flagship West Virginia contemplated charges against the admiral reflecting upon his moral character.

Stephenson Investigation Asked Madison, Wis., Jan. 20.—A joint resolution was introduced in the state senate asking the United States senate to investigate the manner and means by which Isaac Stephenson, senator from Wisconsin, secured his election.

Brothers Drowned While Skating Matteawan, N. Y., Jan. 17.—Two brothers broke through the ice while skating here on Fishkill creek and were drowned. They were Andrew Finger, 11, and Lutten, 8 years old.

Death of Old Explorer

London, Jan. 20.—Sir Francis Galton, the noted explorer and writer, is dead. He was born in 1822, and was knighted in 1909.

Death of Negro Giant

Washington, Jan. 17.—John Turner, a negro giant 7 feet 7 inches tall, died here in a hospital. He was born in Maryland and was 34 years old.

Cowles Confirmed as Admiral

Washington, Jan. 20.—The senate confirmed the nomination of Captain Cowles to be rear admiral, vice Rear Admiral Barry, retired.

Industrial Trust Company,

CAPITAL \$3,000,000 00 SURPLUS \$3,000,000 00

Deposits made on our Participation (or Savings) Account on or before February 15th draw interest from February 1. Dividend periods February and August.

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Entire winter stock must be sold as we do not intend to pack any away, so we offer the entire selection at a sacrifice. Now is the time to procure a genuine bargain. We have the assortment, and the public will get bargains at SCHREIER'S, such as have never been offered in Newport before.

CALL, SEE AND BE CONVINCED.

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With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

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WONDERS OF LAVA

This Molten Rock Is a Most Peculiar Substance.

REDHOT SNOW SANDWICHES.

Curious Effect on Mount Vesuvius Produced by the Lava's Amazing Properties as a Nonconductor of Heat—Deadly Volcanic Ashes.

Vesuvius, the most famous volcano in the world, with its mighty vomitings of lava and dust, is guilty of many queer freaks. Mighty rainstorms have set in motion the lava slides and lava clanders that lie on its sides, and torrents of muddy lava have overwhelmed towns and villages as it swept down to the sea. The resulting effect from this has been so great that it changed the face of the coast line by forming a new promontory.

Lava is one of the most curious of substances. It is simply rock melted by a heat so intense that it flows like thin gruel. When Vesuvius is in eruption thousands of tons of it are squirted up the "pipe" and out of the crater. As it flows out over the edge it soon cools and leaves a thick, grey coating, which spreads over the entire countryside.

But it is only on the top that it really cools. A few inches below the surface of the lava is often red hot. Visitors are often invited to light their cigarettes in the clinks of a bed of lava that has been lying out in the open air for twenty years or more.

It is the most wonderful nonconductor of heat known. Borings made through some lava beds have shown that they are made up of layers of lava and layers of unmelted snow. As successive torrents of lava came pouring down the surface that lay on the snow cooled at once, and the surface open to the air also cooled at once. But between the two surfaces there was blazing heat; so if you bored down through some lava beds you would find a cool upper surface, a red-hot inside, a cool layer, snow, a cool layer, a red-hot one, a cool one and then snow again.

In fact, a layer of lava will let neither heat nor cold through. If you built a house entirely of lava on a scorching summer day you would still have 35 degrees inside when there was snow outside. If you built it in the winter ice would form in your parlor in July.

This clearly demonstrates what an extraordinary nonconductor lava is. There is, indeed, on the slopes of Vesuvius a little lava hut into which summer visitors put bottles of wine to get them chilled.

When a volcano throws its lava out with such tremendous force that it jets high into the air it very often falls in the form of dust, owing to the explosive power of the high pressure steam that spurts out with it. It bursts into a fine spray and falls as dust—dust far finer than any other dust known.

It is so fine, indeed, that sometimes years elapse before it settles. When the mighty island volcano of Krakatoa blew itself nearly into bits in 1883 with a crashing sound of cannonading that smashed windows hundreds of miles away the lava dust was so thick in the air that for hundreds of miles round midday was as black as night. Volumes of infinitely fine dust sailed round and round the earth in the upper atmosphere and made England's sunsets of that year unusually splendid. It was three years before the upper air became quite clear again.

Lava dust has the same properties as lava. Shepherds on the slopes of Vesuvius sprinkle patches of snow in the winter with lava dust so that they may have it when the scorching days of summer arrive.

It was lava dust turned to mud by torrents of rain such as usually come with volcanic outbursts that, nearly 2,000 years ago, destroyed the famous pleasure city of Herculaneum, and it was showers of volcanic ashes that overwhelmed Pompeii. Herculaneum still lies nearly forty yards from the open air.

There are rivers of lava mud that are blotting out towns and villages now. A curious point has always been noticed when Vesuvius is in eruption, and that is the strong odor of washing day that hangs around the mountain.

One might wonder why the slopes of such a mountain are so thickly populated when there is always danger of eruptions and of avalanches of lava mud. Well, the reason is that volcanic soil is always very fertile. Some of the best wine of Italy comes from Vesuvian vineyards, and people are ready to take the risks.—London American.

Putting Him on His Mettle.
"The doctor says you have but an hour to live."
"Give me pen and paper," said the dying man feebly.
"To make your will?"
"No; I am going to give the doctor my note for thirty days. He will have to keep me alive at least that long to collect it."—Judge.

Helps Trade.
"Do you believe in love at first sight?"
"Sure. It boosts my business."
"How so?"
"I'm a divorce court lawyer."—Detroit Free Press.

The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.—Emerson.

The Age of Competition.
"How high is his temperature, doctor?"
"Well, he's closely crowding the record."
"Fine!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is generally more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments.—Carlyle.

AN UNREAD REPORT.

The Methods of Barney Barnato in His Mining Ventures.

Barney Barnato before the tragic termination of his career was widely known because of his large fortune won in mining ventures. His rapid accumulation of wealth was popularly attributed to luck, but luck of the persistent variety usually rests upon a more solid basis than mere chance. An insight to Barnato's methods is afforded by an incident recently related by A. A. Blow, an American engineer once in Barnato's employ. After an exhaustive examination of a mine whose purchase was under consideration Blow prepared an elaborate and voluminous report. It was accompanied by maps and selections and was a piece of work of which the engineer felt that he could be justly proud. When it was handed to Barnato to read, however, the latter laid it aside unopened.

"Tell me about it," he said.
Blow proceeded to make an oral report.

Barnato dozed. Finally he exclaimed: "I employed you because I think you know something about this business, and I do not. Now, I do not want to hear all of this scientific rot about this mine. All I want you to tell me is whether it is good business?"
Blow told him "No."
"Then that settles it," said Barnato. "You are willing to accept the responsibility of turning down this property at the price offered?"

"Yes," was Blow's reply, "but I want you to examine the reports, maps, assays, plans, etc., and see the reasons I have for my conclusions."
"Why should I do this?" Barnato inquired. "You tell me that it is not 'good business.' And as I cannot understand your report why should I waste my time on anything that is not good business?"—Moody's Magazine.

VOCAL TRAINING ABROAD.

The Handicap American Music Students Face in Paris.

"The American voice is better handled at home than abroad," is the conclusion that years of experience have led Mr. Savage to reach, "for here it is better understood than it is there. Vocal training abroad, Europe offers the advantage of generations of tradition and an opportunity to crystallize individual ideas of interpretation. Here the singer has his courses of technology; there he finds the Beaux Arts for polishing."

"One thing that must be keenly felt by Americans studying in Paris and who for years have spent their money and time there is the chauvinistic attitude of the French toward American singers."

"There are, it seems, 3,000 American music students in Paris. You can count on three fingers those in that number who will ever really 'arrive.' In many cases their people are slaving at home to meet constant demands for more money. Yet these students have no more chance of a Paris engagement than an icicle in regions ultra tropical."

"At the Paris Conservatoire, a most excellent institution, they find native pupils on conclusion of study for years of appearances at French opera houses. In Paris there are the Grand Opera, the Opera Comique and the Lyrique, all signing them for engagements. From these they are in turn sublet to such outlying theaters as those of Bordeaux, Lyons and elsewhere in the provinces. The French do not want the money to go out of the country."

"And still the cry is: 'Go to Paris to study.' Go to Paris to study!"—William Armstrong in *Altogether*.

When the Press Was Restricted.
Many of the restrictions that hampered the influence of the press remained in force until the close of the eighteenth century in England. It was not till that period that newspapers obtained the right to criticize the policy of ministers and of the king. Mr. Walter, the first editor of the London Times, was prosecuted for censuring the Duke of York. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £250, stand in the pillory for an hour, be imprisoned for a year and give security for his good behavior for seven years. The order with regard to the pillory was canceled, but he had to serve his term in jail.

Same Thing.
Mr. Simpson was reading the newspaper. "Here's a Chicago man got into a drunken brawl and was stabbed to death," he said aloud.
His wife glanced up from her knitting and commented, "In some low saloon, I suppose."
"No, the paper says he got stabbed in the thoracic cavity."
"Same thing. You'd think the police would close such a place up."—National Monthly.

Unfit.
Cadger—Old Highroller has just been telling us about a time when he was shipwrecked and all the survivors but he were eaten by cannibals. Badger—Why didn't they eat him? Cadger—I don't know exactly, but I suspect there was a pure food commission on the island.—Lippincott's.

Perplexed.
"Your daughter's brain, madam, appears to be normal."
"Dear, dear, we've never had anything of that kind in the family before, I'm sure."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Our generosity should never exceed our abilities.—Cicero.

Shop Talk.
"If we didn't have to give back any change think of the money we merchants would make."
"We all have our troubles," said the magazine publisher. "Sometimes it frets me to have to print any reading matter, but I suppose it must be done."—Kansas City Journal.

A Book Farmer.
Knicker—Jones is what they call a book farmer. Bocker—Yes; he has used up two check books already.—New York Sun.

Presence of Mind.
Sarah Brum—How do I look in this hat? Sarah Bellum—Turn around and let me see the back of it, dear. Why, it's perfectly splendid!—Chicago Tribune.

Destiny bears us to our lot, and destiny is perhaps our own will.—Disraeli.

WOMEN IN PORTUGAL.

Life in the Fields and On Laboring Work in the Cities.

A good part of the farm work is performed by the women, who see no reason why they should regard digging, hoeing and plowing as the work of men alone. The man who owns a few acres of land will often leave its cultivation to his wife and daughters, while he labors as carpenter, stonemason or cooper, for cashmaking is one of their important industries. He also likes to get a job as a waiter in one of the numerous hotels at seaside resorts, for the country has thousands of continental and English visitors.

Women share in the heavy work of the cities as well. There are female porters, laborers on the docks, market tenders and even women coal heavers, fishermen, or, rather, fisherwomen, and sailors. They are as strong and hardy as their husbands and brothers and seem to stand long hours and hard labor as well.

Of course it rather takes away the glamour of romance when one sees a young woman with finely chiseled features and beautiful black eyes digging with spade and mattock or heaving a basket of coal into a ship's hold with as much ease as the American girl plays tennis and golf. Women seem happy under what we would consider hard conditions, so the reformer would probably have his labor for his pains if he suggested a change in this department of Portuguese national existence.—Christian Herald.

KILL THEM YOUNG.

Do Not Tolerate Weeds in the Garden of the Soul.

An old man was once walking with a little boy. They came across four shrubs. The old man said to the youthful companion:

"Pull up the first one."
He obeyed with ease.
"Now the next."
He obeyed, but it did not come so easily.

"And the third."
It took all his strength to move its roots.

"Now the fourth."
In vain the lad put forth all his strength. He only made the leaves tremble. He could not move the roots. They had gone strongly into the earth, and no effort could dislodge them.

Then the wise old man said to the ardent youth:

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak one may by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self denial easily tear them up, but if we let them cast their roots deep into our souls there is no human power can uproot them. The almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movement of your soul and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Something in the Eye.

Small substances, like cinders, dust or small chips of stone or metal, can often be removed from the eye by very simple means. Sometimes catching the upper lid by the lashes and pulling it away from the eyeball and down over the lower lid, then letting it go, so that as it recedes its under surface is swept by the edge of the lower lid, will clear it out. If this does not prove successful a loop made of a horsehair or of a long human hair can be passed under the lid and swept from the outer side toward the nose and drawn down. Better than this, however, is the washing of the eye or flushing with the eye dropper. Every person should carry one in his traveling bag, for they are invaluable. Catch hold of the lower and upper lid, draw them away from the eye and then fill the dropper, which is like a small syringe, with water and flush the eye two or three times. This will always remove the cinder at once.—Family Doctor.

Not a Born Fagger.
The indorsement of checks is a very simple thing; but, as the following story will show, it, too, has its difficulties:

A woman went into a bank where she had several times presented checks drawn to Mrs. Lucy B. Smith. This time the check was made to the order of Mrs. M. J. Smith. M. J. were her husband's initials. She explained this to the paying teller and asked what she should do.

"Oh, that is all right," he said, "just indorse it as it is written there."

She took the check and after much hesitation said, "I don't think I can make an M like that."

Prepared For Emergency.
"What makes you keep giving me fish for dinner day after day?" he inquired. "Are you particularly fond of it?"

"No," she replied, "I was wholly unselfish. I read a lovely recipe about how to remove a fishbone when it sticks in your throat, and I wanted to try it."—Washington Star.

Not That Kind of Woman.
"Do you believe in making a gentleman before you enter your pew?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Mercy, no!" replied her hostess as she beckoned a bit of dust from the \$2,000 grand piano. "If I have gentlemen to make about people I always do it outside of church."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Book Farmer.
Knicker—Jones is what they call a book farmer. Bocker—Yes; he has used up two check books already.—New York Sun.

Presence of Mind.
Sarah Brum—How do I look in this hat? Sarah Bellum—Turn around and let me see the back of it, dear. Why, it's perfectly splendid!—Chicago Tribune.

Destiny bears us to our lot, and destiny is perhaps our own will.—Disraeli.

SUPREME COURT WORK.

How the Justices Prepare Decisions and Dissenting Opinions.

On Saturday evening each justice receives from the chief justice an envelope containing the names of the cases the chief justice has decided to allow the justice to write the opinion on, and the chief justice also notifies the justices of the hour of the conference on Monday morning. The conferences are usually held in the conference room under locked doors. The chief justice presides, and cases are taken up or postponed according to the wishes of the justices or their readiness to consider them. Each justice is furnished with a lock book, in which he may enter the details of a case, the record of the vote on conference and the final disposition. On a case being assigned by the chief justice to a justice to write the opinion of the court the opinion when written must be agreeable to the justices. If not the dissatisfied justice will promptly write a dissenting opinion. In some instances four of the justices have each written a dissenting opinion, but the usual custom is for one to write it and announce that the others concur.

Before a case is reached for argument the justices familiarize themselves with its records and briefs, and when one is directed to write the opinion he makes a study of the case, long or short, as its gravity demands. This may take a few days or months. The opinion is dictated, and after being typewritten it is corrected, belled down and revised; another copy is then made, further revised and sent to the printer. In order that the compositor who set the type may not know the decision of the case the foreman sets up the last few lines of the opinion, locks them in a safe, and after the opinion is set up he adds them to it, takes two proofs and forwards them under lock and key to the justice. It is again read and revised and sometimes completely altered and returned to the printer, corrected by the latter and nine revises sent to the justice.

If the opinion is now satisfactory to the justice a copy is mailed to each member of the court. These are returned to the justice with the notations of the justices, and the opinion is revised or changed, if need be, to conform to their views. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the majority opinion holds it until the dissent is completed.

Then on some Monday, the court being in session, the justice announces an opinion in the case, giving its number and title, and then proceeds to read it at length to the dozen people who may be present. If there be a dissenting opinion the justice writing the dissent reads it and announces the names of the justices who concur with him. Afterward the official reporter of the court sends a verified copy of the opinion to the publishers of the United States supreme court reports, and the case finally becomes one of thousands in the law libraries to be read and reread if of moment or to be forgotten if mere detail.—Independent.

AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

The Story of a Night Ride on an Egyptian Railroad.

"You can travel with perfect safety on Egyptian railroads now," said an English official, "but it was not always so. There were times when it required tact to save your throat from getting cut, as you will realize from a little experience that occurred to me. It was just before the fanatical outbreak of 1882. I had heard some ugly rumors, but I had to go up by train one night from Port Said to Ismailia. I was the only European in the compartment. Soon after we started an old Arab sheik leaned over and calmly helped himself to a couple of cigars that were sticking out of my breast pocket. I knew what that meant, and I got a sort of cold feeling along the spine. For just then I caught the gleam of a dagger in the hand of a man to the left of me. I said nothing, but, opening my bag, brought out a box of cigars and handed them round. The Arabs emptied the box. I smiled affably and lighted my pipe, expecting every moment to be knifed. They were eight to one, and I was unarmed. Suddenly the old sheik reached from the rack a large melon he had placed there. Then he leaned across and, taking hold of the hand that held the dagger, brought it into view. Lifting it from the unresisting fingers of his fellow Moslem, he tranquilly cut two slices off the melon. He handed me one and proceeded to eat the other. Then my heart gave a jump, and as I eagerly sucked at the fruit I knew I was safe, for we had eaten together. But I didn't get to Ismailia that night."

"How was that?" inquired a listener.

"Because," said he, "they murdered the engine driver, the stoker and every other European on the train."

To Say and to Do.
"Do you wish to go to church this evening? Father is going to preach, you know," the minister's fair daughter asked.

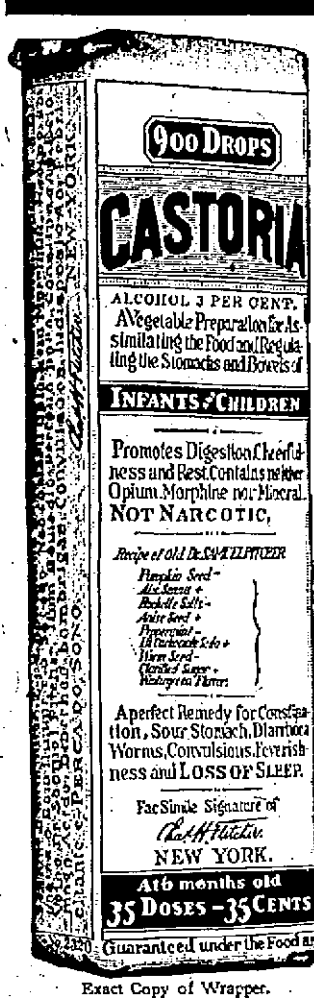
"The young man considered."
"Um! The last time I went he rather fell on some of my small failings. Do you know what his text will be tonight?"

"Yes: 'Love one another.'"
He regarded the round pink cheek approvingly.

"Suppose," he suggested softly, "that we let the old gentleman go preach, while we sit here and practice?"—Lippincott's.

Not Perfect.
A horse dealer was showing a horse to a prospective buyer. After running him back and forward for a few minutes he stopped and said to the buyer: "What do you think of his coat? Isn't he a dandy?"

The buyer, noticing that the horse had the heaves, replied, "Yes, I like his coat all right, but I don't like his pants."—London Tit-Bits.



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The Secluded Duchess.

The Duchesse du Maine, who held her court at Seaux during the reign of the regent, was an imperious old lady. One day, according to "A Princess of Strategy," when she was ill she complained to the doctor that he was not curing her quickly enough. What was the good, she wanted to know, of compelling her to go without so many things and making her live in seclusion? "But," replied the doctor, "your most serene highness has at present forty people at the chateau!" "Forty or fifty people?" said the duchesse. "Well, for a princess that is practically seclusion."

Not a Chance!

A man told another man a few days ago how he had been buttoning his wife's dress for five years and finally, in order to even the account, he had a shirt made to order with sixty-five buttons down the back. "Did you make her button it?" eagerly inquired the second party, with a glad smile. "I tried to and fell down like slipping on a banana skin," replied the first party. "She promptly told me to button the top button and let the others slide, explaining that they would not show when I had put on my coat."—Chicago Tribune.

Mohamet's Parliament.

When Disraeli was in Egypt—the story is told in Mr. Montague's biography—he met Mohamet Ali, who desired to introduce parliamentary institutions into his country. "I will have a parliament," he said, "and I will have as many parliaments as the king of England himself." So saying, his highness produced two lists of names. "See here," he said. "These are my parliaments. But I have made up my mind, to prevent inconvenience, to elect them myself."

So Funny of Him.

Mrs. Lazenbee—Here's the man come to fix our clock. Go upstairs and get it for him, won't you? Mr. Lazenbee—It isn't upstairs, is it? Mrs. Lazenbee—Certainly. Where did you think it was? Mr. Lazenbee—I thought it had run down.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Duel in Undress.

Dueling, though not dead, was dying out even in Rogers' time and was not taken very seriously. The poet's biographer tells the quaint story of how Mr. Humphrey Howarth, a surgeon, when called out made his appearance in the field stark naked. The astonished challenger asked him what he meant. "I know," said Howarth, "that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound festering ensues, and therefore I have met you thus." His antagonist declared that fighting a man in his naturalibus would be quite ridiculous, and accordingly they parted without further discussion.

Definite.

"Madam"—a census taker was speaking to her who answered his knock—"how many children over six and under twenty-one years of age have you?"

"Lemme see," she reflected; "lemme see. Well, sir, there be two over six and two under twenty-one."—Everybody's.

Prepositions.

A correspondent of the New York Sun says he overheard the following: "The boys came out from over in between those houses." Here are five prepositions in a bunch. Can this "record" be broken?

Your Occupation.

Every occupation lifts itself with the enlarging life of him who practices it. The occupation that will not do that no man really has a right to occupy himself about.—Phillips Brooks.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FORGOT THE KEY.

Then the Locksmith Showed Him How to Open the Door.

When Mr. and Mrs. Eastend started out to spend the evening in pursuance of an engagement they paused on the front steps long enough for Mrs. E. to propound the usual query, "Have you got the key, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Mr. E. "Wait a minute. No, I haven't, either. What do you think of that? Must have left it on the dresser."

"Well, here's a pretty how-de-do!" exclaimed Mrs. E. as her consort savagely but fruitlessly rummaged his pockets. "How are we going to get in to get it?"

Hubby first tried the lower windows, to find them all carefully locked. Neighbors-awoke to the situation and began to be helpful. "Get a ladder," said one. "Get a jimmy," said another. "Get an aeroplane," said a third. Various other expedients, ranging from derelicts to dynamite, were suggested. Finally one neighbor brought a ladder which wouldn't reach the second story window by six feet. It was suggested that the fire department be summoned. Rejected.

By this time the engagement had to be called off, and the remarks Mrs. E. was making to the female contingent of the assemblage will not here be recorded. As a last resort a locksmith was suggested, and Mr. E. departed in search of one. At the end of an hour he returned with a stolid looking German bearing an armful of tools.

"Which tool?" he inquired.

"This one," said Mrs. E. "and for goodness' sake don't jimmy it nor dynamite it unless you have to!"

"Dot's all right," grunted the workman. Then he extended his hand and tried the knob. It turned. The catch had not caught. The door swung open. He turned and gave the assemblage an expressive glance.

And now when Mr. and Mrs. E. leave their little home at an evening some neighbor is sure to attack his head out of a window and kindly inquire, "Have you got the key?"—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

BLIND TO GOOD LUCK.

Fable of the Weary Farmer and the Golden Plow.

There was once a Benevolent Fairy who was accustomed to dole out Good Deeds in Whimsical Ways. One day she was flying across the country to attend a meeting of the A. O. B. F. when she noticed a Farmer laboring in the fields. His horse was Attenuated and Deceitful, and his plow was Heavy and Old Fashioned. Often he would pause and wipe the sweat from his brow. Plainly he was having a Hard Time.

The Benevolent Fairy watched him a moment and observed his Haggard Look and his general air of Misery. Suddenly an idea came to her—to make this man Rich, so that he would no longer have to delve and struggle to eke out a Bare Living. So she swooped down and touched the plow with her wand—she was, of course, invisible—and instantly it was changed to Solid Gold. Then with an amused but kindly backward glance the Benevolent Fairy went on her way.

A year later, remembering the occurrence, she flew over to see how the Farmer was enjoying his Good Fortune. She found him in the fields, plowing laboriously, and if anything he and his surroundings looked Meaner and More Miserable than they had before. Much surprised, the Fairy flew closer, just in time to hear him murmur:

"I wish this ding-busted plow warnt so heavy!"

The Benevolent Fairy eyed him fittily; then she once more touched the plow with her wand, and it again became a thing of wood and iron. Then she flew away, and the Farmer resumed his Toil.

After all, are there not some folk who would die of thirst adrift on a river?—Clifton B. Dowd in Lippincott's.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as possible.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the publication of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
7. Direct all communications to:

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1911.

NOTES.

Cranston Continued.

The following is on the Tomb Stone of Gov. John Cranston at Newport.

"Here lies the body of John Cranston Esq. Governor of the Colony of Rhode Island, who departed this life March 12, 1880, in the 63th year of his age."

The following is a copy of a Receipt which was in the possession of Mrs. Mary Bailey, June 17, 1801, who informed the writer hereof that Mr. Francis Cranston, Widow of Walter Cranston, and Mother of John Cranston, died about four years before that time and that she had some Memorials of the Cranston Family—(probably twelve pounds five shillings sterling), included in the Receipt which was supposed to be in the hands of Mrs. Maria, who administered on the Estate of Mr. Francis Cranston, Widow of said Walter Cranston—which Receipt was in these words (viz.):

"Edinburgh 14th May 1725.
Rec'd by me, Harrie Maide, Writer to his Majesty's Signet, from Mrs. Farquharson by the hand of William Miller, twelve pounds five shillings sterling as the dues and perquisites at the Lich office, in Scotland for Genealogies and Coat of Arms of Samuel Cranston Esq. Gov'r of Rhode Island. Witness my hand the day and date aforesaid."
HARRIE MAIDE.

The families of the name of Cranston in the town of Foster, in the state of Rhode Island, are descended from Gov'r Cranston, and through him from the families of the ancient Kings and Queens of Scotland, England & France and of course are related by blood to the Royal Family and principal Noble Families now in Great Britain in consequence of the name of Cranston with connection of those families, viz:

First by the marriage of Lord James Cranston son of Lord William Cranston with Elizabeth Stuart daughter of Sir Francis Stuart who was created Earl of Bothwell, by King James VI after the exile of the famous Earl of Bothwell who married Mary Queen of Scots Mother of James VI, descended from the celebrated Families of Medici in Italy and the Royal House of Guise, in France which Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell first mentioned was son of John Stuart Prior of Coldingham natural son of James V as mentioned in Robertson's History of Scotland Vol. 2, Page 195, and great grandson of King Henry VII of England, whose daughter Margaret married James IV, King of Scotland in the year 1603 descended from Charles VI, King of France by his marriage with his daughter Katherine who married first Henry V, King of England, June 24, 1420, and afterwards Owen Tudor grandfather of Henry VII so that by this connection all the Cranstons in the town of Foster as well as all of the same name in the State of Rhode Island and their descendants are of blood kindred to the Royal Families of Scotland, England and France from whom they are descended.

But secondly they are descended also from them by another connection (viz.) by the marriage of Lord John Cranston son of the before named Lord William Cranston with Christian Stuart, daughter of Sir Robert Stuart, Predecessor of the Earls of Traquair, in Scotland another branch of the Royal Family of Stuart. Being thus descended from the Royal Family of Stuart all the Cranstons in the State of Rhode Island and their descendants are related by blood to the present King and Royal Family of Great Britain with whom the exact degree of relationship with them can be ascertained and proved by the most indubitable records of the intermediate descents.

For the English Royal Family is descended in one line, from another Elizabeth Stuart, born August 15th 1598, who was daughter of James VI King of Scotland, and I of England, and who was grand daughter of the same King James V before mentioned from whom the Cranstons and all their descendants in the State of Rhode Island are descended and to whom their line of ancestry and the line of ancestry of the present Royal Family of Great Britain meet.

Which Elizabeth Stuart daughter of James VI married Frederick V Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia whose daughter Sophia married Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover, and was the mother of George I King of England, Progenitor of the present Royal Family there.

The Francis Stuart before mentioned whose daughter Elizabeth married Lord James Cranston from whom all the families in the town of Foster of the name of Cranston are descended was much distinguished by his time being the same Francis Stuart who is mentioned in the Last Will and Testament of the famous Mary Queen of Scots Mother of King James VI of Scotland and I of England written in French by her own hand that having been her native language, and mentioned in these words (literally) (viz.)

"Je recommande mon neveu, Francis Stuart a mon filz, et luy commande de tenir pres de luy, et s'en servir. Et je luy laisse le bien du Comte de Boduel, mon oncle, en respect qu'il est de mon sang.—mon Filleul, et ma ceste laisse en luttelle par son pere."

The English of which is

"I recommend my nephew Francis Stuart to my son and direct him to employ him near him in his Service and I leave him the estate of the Earl of Bothwell, his uncle in consideration that he is of my blood, and was left in my charge by his father."

The original will of Queen Mary from which the foregoing is copied is thus dated.

"Fait au manoir de Sheffield en Angleterre le jour de—Mitt. cent cinquante et dix sept—(1577)."

[To be Continued]

QUERIES.

6571. JAMES—Benjamin James, married July 6, 1738, Elizabeth (3) Smith (Daniel) (2) (Richard) (1) of Bristol, R. I. 11-d children, Benjamin, John, Daniel, Samuel, and William. Ben. James, Jr., died Oct. 14, 1761, aged 33 years. Who were his ancestors? Any other information regarding this family will be acceptable.—S. B.

6572. YORK—My great-grandfather, Jonathan York, was born September 16, 1777, and removed from Claremont, N. H., (where presumably he was born) to Vermont. His father was also named Jonathan and is said, by a grandson, to have had the following children: William, David, Jonathan, Clara and Comfort. He evidently is the Jonathan York who is mentioned in the History of Claremont as a soldier in the Revolutionary War and whose son Amor, was drowned in the Connecticut river in 1788, aged 21. In the same source, Comfort York married Ephraim French, April 8, 1776. Evidently the father was not married later than 1780 and probably about 1765, or 1766. The Claremont Yorks came from Stoughton, Conn. In Wheeler's History of Stoughton I find a record of the birth of a Jonathan York, August 29, 1725, and as he had a brother named Amor, and as the date fits nicely, I have assumed that he is the Jonathan I am looking for. But so far I have no record of his marriage or clue to the name of his wife and so offer five dollars for valid evidence of this marriage with maiden name of wife. As Claremont was not settled until about 1768 it is very possible that Jonathan left Stoughton as a young man and was for a time resident in northern Connecticut, perhaps Preston or Voluntown before migrating to New Hampshire.

In addition to the above reward, I will give small amounts for any item of information on the life of Jonathan, the elder, not already in my possession. This may include records of births of children, land transfers, probate records, church records, or anything affording a clue to his residence and life.

In addition to his record of compiling the Congdon genealogy, the undersigned is also interested in getting together material for a Congdon calendar or collection, illustrating the history, migrations and achievements of the family. Contributions to this object are earnestly solicited. The following are a few of the things desired. Doubtless many others would be just as valuable and acceptable. Even now the collection has a good beginning in all its various departments.

Photographs of all persons bearing the name of Congdon, or descended from Congdon, of their residences, of works of art or inventions produced by them, of relics, trophies and mementoes.

Newspaper Clippings, relating to Congdons or their descendants, such as notices of births, marriages, deaths, athletic items, political records, etc.

Books, by Congdons or descendants of Congdons, including pamphlets, printed sermons, magazine articles and the like.

Articles and Products, either invented by or manufactured by Congdons or representing their labor.

Printed Matter, as business cards, letter heads, circulars, advertisements, wedding invitations, commencement programs, and the like.

G. E. CONGDON,
Hawthorne, Kansas.

6573. TABOR—Philip Tabor's children, on Dartmouth records, are as follows:

1. Martha, b. Oct. 16, 1700.
2. Philip, b. Oct. 4, 1702.
3. William, b. Feb. 18, 1704-5.
4. Comfort, b. Aug. 3, 1707.
5. Mary, b. Feb. 25, 1709-10.
6. Jonathan, b. Oct. 5, 1712.
7. Josiah, b. June 4, 1715.
8. Rebekah, b. Apr. 1, 1718.
9. John, b. Feb. 7, 1723.
10. Margaret, b. Apr. 8, 1725.

Can anyone give me dates of marriage and death? Also names of wives and husbands?—F. B.

6574. GARRY—John Garry came from Somersetshire, England, and settled in Duxbury, Mass., in 1639. He married Elizabeth Godfrey, daughter of Francis, in 1644. His children were:

1. John, born November 4, 1646, married Abigail Allen, 1670.
2. Francis, born 1647, married Hannah Brett.
3. Elizabeth, born December 20, 1649, married Deacon William Brett, Jr.
4. James, born March 28, 1652, married Mary Shaw.
5. Mary, born July 8, 1654.
6. Jonathan, born September 24, 1656, married Sarah Allen.
7. David, born January 27, 1658, removed to Bristol, R. I.
8. Hannah, born April 30, 1661.
9. Joseph, born April 18, 1663, removed to Widdham, Conn.
10. Rebecca, born March 30, 1665, married Samuel Allen, Jr., 1685.
11. Sarah, born August 2, 1667.
12. Mablett, born December 4, 1670. Can any one tell me whom David, the seventh child, married?—B. M.

6575. GODDARD—Giles Goddard, of New London, Conn., born 1708; died January 31, 1757; married December 11, 1735, Sarah Updike, of Ludlow. Giles Goddard was the son of Joseph. Who was his mother?—L. B.

6576. HOWLAND—The records of Bristol, R. I., give the following: "Intentions of marriage, Samuel Davis and Bethiah Howland, June 28, 1721. Nicholas Bragg and Bethiah Howland, April 27 (married May 19), 1725. Simon Davis and Mrs. Bethiah Bragg, August 8, 1743. (another record says August 29)."

Daniel Greene (1) of Warwick, and Bethiah Davis of Bristol, Nov. 21, 1741 (also 1743)."

Daniel Greene, (4) (Major Job, (3) John, (2) John (1) mentioned in his will his "stepson, Nicholas Bragg, Jr., who married Sarah Greene, daughter of Benjamin (4) (Jabez, (3) James, (2) John (1), who was Daniel's second cousin."

I have also Simon Davis married September 24, 1655 (or 1653) Anne Low.

Simon Davis married June 2, 1728, (Madam or widow), Elizabeth Mcintosh.

Nicholas Bragg, was son of Henry and Elizabeth Bragg, of Bristol, R. I. His son William was born February 25, 1729.—P. T.

Mrs. Mantering—What, do you mean to tell me that your grandchild hated cook has left? Couldn't you make her stay?

Mrs. Manderville—Oh, yes; we could have made her stay easily enough; the trouble was we couldn't make her stay.

The Range

That Did It.

One bundle of wood, on filling of coal in less than 30 minutes after the fire was started the thermometer in the oven registered 410 degrees. No knowing how hotter it was for that was as high as the thermometer would go. Biscuit for breakfast! Sure—20 minutes after the fire's started.

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NO OTHER COULD.

Range can boast of such a performance. The reason's plain—a Crawford wastes no heat, but carries all the heat that's made direct to the oven. You haven't a Crawford? Then you don't know what easy cooking means. Half a hod of coal a day, the right oven at the right moment any time and all the time. You simply fix the damper and the range does the rest. To-day's a bully time to christen one.

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WE have the Companies.

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ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ROBERT C. DODGE, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

GERTRUDE E. ROSE, Executrix.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Jan. 11, 1911. THE UNDERSIGNED, Co-Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of ABELIA DUE SPRAGUE, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that they have accepted said trust and have given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

L. ROSE SPRAGUE, MYRIE A. SPRAGUE.

Rhode Island NORMAL SCHOOL

SPRING TERM BEGINS
Monday Jan. 30, at 9 o'clock a. m.

High School graduates admitted to regular course and kindergarten-primary course at this institution, for catalogue or other information, apply to Walter S. Hanger, Secretary, Trustees, Box 161, or to John L. Alger, Principal, R. I. Normal School, Providence.

J-21 2w

Valentines

AT

CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

Pruta e Court of the Town of New Shoreham Jan. 2, 1911.

Estate of Lorenzo Littlefield.

PERITION in writing having been made by Frank Littlefield of said New Shoreham, requesting that Alvin H. Sprague of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Lorenzo Littlefield, a person of full age reputed to be of unsound mind, and said petition having been received, is now read and referred to the 11th day of February, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court House, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, and once a week, in the Newport Advertiser, and once a week, in the Newport Journal, and once a week, in the Newport Standard, and once a week, in the Newport Times, and once a week, in the Newport Herald, and once a week, in the Newport Post, and once a week, in the Newport News, and once a week, in the Newport Record, and once a week, in the Newport Review, and once a week, in the Newport Observer, and once a week, in the Newport Chronicle, and once a week, in the Newport Herald, and once a week, in the 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